THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers.
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

} CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS, SEE PROSPECTUS ON THIRD PAGE.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1848. WHOLE NO. 1428.

Choice Poetry.

THE STRANGER ON THE SILL.

BY T. B. READ.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;
The peach-tree leans against the wall,
And the woodbine wanders over all;
There is the shaded cherry still,
For a stranger's foot has crossed the sill.

There is the farm—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,
And see the lusty grass-mower swing,
And hear the pewee's merciful song.
But the stranger comes—will pastoral youth—
His absence are pined to the heart of truth.

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease—
And watched the shadowy moments run
Till my life imbibed more shade than sun.
The swing from the bough still sweeps the air—
But the stranger's children are swinging there.

There lumbers the shady spring below,
With its battered bowl, where the lizards grow;
Twas there I found the calamus root,
And watched the motionless point and shoot,
And heard the robin woo her mate,
But the stranger's heedless as the spring.

Oh, ye who daily cross the sill,
Step lightly, for I love it still;
And when you crumble the old hero relics,
Then think what memories harvest wherever
Your careless feet have fallen or strayed
For children were that are no more.

Even lonely walk those ancient rooms,
And when your eyes shall overflow
For children's children gathered there,
Their sweetest frost they shall impart,
As if old memories mocked their heart.
To cordial spirit still leave the swing,
And in sweet reverence hold the spring—
The barn, the trees, the brook, the beds,
The woodbine on the cottage wall—
And tenderly cross the sill, for I
Its stranger—as my sister will,
Very lately, for I love it still!

THE REMONSTRANCE.

Ah, chide me not! Oh, chide me not! I cannot help
The fever flush is at my heart, its pulse is on my brow
My love, gentlemen, has foolish force, it has not
But from my heart it never can discover'd be again
I know he is above me far; I know it cannot be
That such a noble soul would ever seek an equal face;
That such a heart, I know it was that on the bosom side,
A fair and noble lady dwells, who soon must be his bride.

Yet I may sometimes steal a glance, at distance only
At that dark eye which ever to me so beautiful has been
I may behold his beaming smile on her he loves best
And rest to Heaven the grateful eye, that for me
May blessings gild his every hour! and it is the not
To share for joy, or in her sorrow, and I will not ask
A pang
I will not breathe a single sigh, I will not shed one tear
But do not frown, or speak me harshly I may not long
be here.

Pictures of Life.

QUAKER LOVE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

Many years ago I acted a day in the town of Elm's Cross, and although no adventure befell me there to fix the place in my memory, I believe me at this moment as distinctly as that picture on the wall. It was a market-day, and, as I remember something, that it was Monday. There was a Sunday silence in the streets, a stillness in the air, a repose in the Sunday color and cleanliness in their habitations. The lines of houses were ranged with the most scrupulous precision, and the little lawns which many of them possessed were laid out with the nicest attention to order. The grass was not beautiful, but neat, for nature was not indulged in any of her freaks at Elm's Cross, and indeed, I observed, that most of the very leaves had a peculiar quiet green, and the flowers a reserved smell. I remember also a better class of the inhabitants of the town were Friends, and it appeared—of my imagination had not misled me—that, through the influence of wealth and numbers, they had been able to impress the external characteristics of their society upon the whole place.

But no; my imagination could not have run away with me; for the moment I entered Elm's Cross, it is taken into custody as a vagrant, and kept in durance during my stay. Prisons have been the favorite of day-dreaming; and although I was a young fellow at the time, fond of every wild, merry and love of adventure, even the fair Quakeress, for whom were beautiful, in spite of their bonnet, had not more effect upon me than so many marble statues. But perhaps it will give a better idea of my state of mind at the time, that the only son of them on whom I bestowed a second look, had arrived at that time of life when the countenance of a female is as warm and exhilarating as the sunshine, and may find it difficult to describe such opposite emotions as I then felt.

The second is how whether they looked upon me. Yet there was no feeling in this love, such as we all feel when we look upon a face, and see the sickness of her cheek was so cold as the bloom of a flower; nor was it of that sometimes deep, and demure tint—like, one gilded pane, I felt as if I had worn a pretend walk out of a flame, or a fragrance, or a woman, but only an imitation.

This was why I turned away and looked at her again; and what I looked, a kind of pity rose in my unexperienced heart that one so fair should pass through life unnoticed in its sentiments, untouched by its raptures, even unattended with its sorrows. As she looked on me, I felt that she had no conception of everything around; the atmosphere chilled me; the existence disturbed me; and I was not nothing I was glad to launch again upon the stormy world, and leave this lonely oasis to its enchanted repose.

Some time after, when giving the history of the day in a journal, she proved to be personally acquainted with the place and people, he said me that the lady on whom I had looked twice, had been for many years not only the reigning beauty of Elm's Cross, but the benevolent genius of the town and neighborhood; and he related a passage in her early life which made me qualify a little my opinion as to the passionless tranquility of her feelings, and the unessential blank of her history. Not that the thing can be called an adventure, that the incident has any intermixture of romance—that would be absurd. It passed over her head like a summer cloud, which leaves the heavens as bright and serene as before; but still one, and he looked round timidly, as if he had committed an indiscretion. When the respectable middle aged servant marshalled him up stairs in the Inn-kingdom, he followed him with deference, as if he had something to say on the occasion. The room was empty, and he stood for some time alone, looking round upon the walls, the furniture, the books, the prints, and the objects that met the eye of his hopes. There was an unpretentious richness in that room, a method in its arrangement, a delicate grace of expression, which made him gaze. The answer he had come to demanded not a little the attention of Monday's stirrings and speculative manners. There was with the chairs, and the tables, and the very own Society—for Mr. and Mrs. Hargrave were Quakers of the old school, and confined themselves almost exclusively within the circle of Friends. The exception was formed by a widow lady and her only daughter an early relative of Mrs. Hargrave's, from which, by means of close economy, she scraped up, on a little annuity, year to pay for her boy's outfit in the world. Richard Temple was well calculated to be the object of a young lady's affections; for he was fine, spirited, generous handsome lad, two or three years older than Martha, at whom he was the playmate in childhood, the friend in youth, and something more after that. How it came that they were not married, I do not know. Of the Quaker lovers, no more is necessary; but in a state of society, like that which I describe, all distinctions of society make little impression upon children; brought up together upon terms of equality, Richard learned from his earliest years to pay for her boy's suits in the world. Richard Temple was well calculated to be the object of a young lady's affections; for he was fine, spirited, generous handsome lad, two or three years older than Martha, at whom he was the playmate in childhood, the friend in youth, and something more after that. How it came that they were not married, I do not know. Of the Quaker lovers, no more is necessary; but in a state of society, like that which I describe, all distinctions of society make little impression upon children; brought up together upon terms of equality, Richard learned from his earliest years to pay for her boy's suits in the world.

Our Correspondents

LETTER FROM GRACE GREENWOOD.

New Brighton, Pa., Nov. 28th, 1848.

GENTLEMEN:—I am in a dilemma this morning—I am wanting a theme. Wanting a theme, and the wide world, all Nature, all life are full of the legitimate subjects of the writer! Leaving the world of letters, I might go forth into the geographical world, and pen you running comments on all races and kindreds and tongues. I might set before you from Scotland a bowl of "healsome parritch" the diet of her sturdy reformers when their hard *bones* battered at the Papal throne; or treat you to one of England's blood-puddings—or a "hasty plate of soup" from France—or a dish of fermenting sour-krout, from Germany. How would a cold collation from Russia answer? or a *déjeuner à la fourchette* upon Turkey! The Sandwich Islands would do for a lunch, with some wine from the renovated press of Italy, and sour grapes from the young vineyards of new republics.

I might paint you a picture of society in the Society Isles—or send you something spicy from Ceylon—or catch a Tartar for you—or describe a *melée* among the Malays—or peek in at Pekin, or discant on Canton. Perhaps I might treat you to a little Chinese court-gossip—dwell on the limited understanding and unlimited nails of the reigning court-belle, giving the opinion of various native authors relative to the proper length of the longest *claws* of a Chinese subject. Or enlighten you by a dissertation on the probable consequences of a revolution in the Celestial Empire, should the people taking the *cue* from the Mandarins, barbarously discrown the Emperor, and cut off the hair apparent. I might dwell awhile on the peaks of Teneriffe, though that were rather uncomfortable—or throw some more light on Pompeii—or join the Russians in a sliding-scale down their icy tumuli—or wing my way over Italy and joy to hear the steam-whistle sound over the songs of Tasso, sung by the gondolier—or poise myself a moment on one of the Pyramids, and see the Arab bring down the vulture with a rifle made in Massachusetts—or dip my wing in the Red Sea, and dive for Pharaoh's crown, and coming up, bathe in Jordan. The Dead Sea I would merely skim over, not relishing its nauseous brimstone compound.—Yet would I fain linger awhile on its shores, to search out that historical record of feminine folly—that memorable warning to woman-kind, that shining mark for man's reproach, the unfortunate help meet of the Patriarch, once a good wife, undoubtedly, but now chiefly distinguished for her saline qualities. Perhaps it is a weakness in me, but I have always had great charity for that woman of the olden time. Let us reflect how hard it must have gone with her to leave with so little warning, all her old gossips and neighboring cronies—her agreeable city-home, with all the pleasures and conveniences of the metropolis, and go vagabondizing off into the rural districts. And then if she were a good house-wife, how hard to forsake her household comforts, associations and duties;—the well filled wardrobe, the granary, the larder—the cow in the stall, the hen on the nest, the linen in the loom, the morning cream on the milk! No wonder that the home-love and womanly regrets o'ercame her, and she "turned to take a last fond look," even at the peril of petrifying into a solemn and mournful warning—of becoming a crystalization of her own tears.

Were turning, or even "taking the back track," in our day, held so criminal, or made productive of such awful consequences, how white were our land with political pillars of salt! No need then, of expense, in raising monuments to our great men, for every man would be his own monument. But I have digressed strangely.

Had I in verity done up the grand tour of the East, including the famous Porcelain Tower, I might conclude a chapter with such sage remarks as these:—I do not find the rivers of Africa rolling down "golden sands." The source of the Nile is still a source of perplexity. The mysteries of Isis are yet impenetrable, though they have reappeared in one school of modern poetry. The Pyramids, it has been recently ascertained, were built by some of the ancients. In Egypt the crocodile is still a personage of distinction, and his feelings are respected to a degree, but the progressive spirit of the age has abridged his privileges somewhat. Pious mothers do not now give him the *choice* of their infants, and he is observed to weep more than formerly. I do not perceive that "Egyptian darkness" is particularly dense, nor do I remark that the famous nights of Malta, are at all peculiar; neither are the days of Algiers. The oasis in the desert, is not so beautiful as has been represented, and the most picturesque Arabs will steal.

In returning home, I should, after the usual custom of tourists, bring to my friends strange relics of strange lands—what should they be? A ram's horn, from near the site of Jericho!—a lady's shoe, from Canton, China, or a head-dress from one of the Cantons of Switzerland? A bottle of red ink from the Red Sea, or [illegible] from the Black Sea [illegible] Arabia? A botanical specimen from Botany Bay, or a geological specimen from the rock on which the church of Rome is founded? Shall I obtain from the Austrian Emperor a copy of the last dance which his Viennoise Children have led him—or from Victoria, the Parisian riding-whip taken from Prince Albert—or from Isabella, one of the copy-books in which she lately learned to write—or from Louis Napoleon, a quill from the wing of his miraculous eagle? How would a daguerreotype of the Brocken, taken in his best expression answer? I would bottle up some of the mist of German metaphysics, but fear it would prove mere meerschaum smoke at last. I might procure a prize dissertation on the difference between Cousins German and German Cousins, by a student of Heidelburg. I might bring an American penny thrown up encased in lava, from Vesuvius, supposed to have been dropped by one of our soldiers into an extinct volcano in Mexico;—or a pebble from the beach where Demosthenes stammered his senatorial thunder to the waves, who "clapped their hands" in applause—or sea-weed from the spot where the stout swimmer Leander came to land and met his Hero—should it not be *Heroine*? I might bring the last pattern of *socks* for the ladies of Constantinople—or the nose of one of the Caryatides at Athens—a mask from Venice—a toga from Rome—a sausage from Bologna—something nice from Nice—something rotten from the State of Denmark—a chip from the old willow on which Ophelia hung—a Switzer's *horn* from old Geneva. Should I bring a sun flower from Persia—an ice-plant from Russia—the flower of chivalry from old Castile—a violet from the gardens of Versailles—a royal rose from Windsor, a little touched with frost—a thistle from Scotland, with the prickles clipped by England—a shamrock from Ireland, somewhat heavy with "mountain dew?"

Should it ever be my fortune to become a great traveller, my friends on my return to my poor native land, may expect to be sometimes enlightened by modest references to my adventures and the strange countries I have seen,—when the occasion and the subject under discussion render such references peculiarly appropriate. For instance, were we talking upon literature—*Apropos*, of Pope, when I was at Rome—*Apropos*, of "Dombey and Son," when I was in Florence—*Apropos*, of Eugene Sue, when I was at Suez—*Apropos*, of George Sand, when I crossed the Great Desert—*Apropos*, of Geoffrey Crayon, when I visited the old studio of Raphael—*Apropos*, of Longfellow, when I explored Patagonia—*Apropos*, of Carey & Hart, when I was among the Hartz Mountains, etcetera, etcetera.

I had written thus far, when the beauty of the morning pouring through the window, and falling upon and raying about my head, like the halos with which painters deck the brows of better people, enticed my roving spirit from my desk and all its stationary concomitants, for a short ramble, to taste the quality of the air and pronounce upon the power of the sunshine. I found the day genial in seeming, but chilly in truth, like a beautiful woman with a loveless heart. My sole companion in this walk was my favorite pet, and faithful friend, Tom, or Thomas, as I prefer that strangers should call him—who beguiled my way with his frolicsome gambols, without leading me such wild chases as Charles Lamb was led by his erratic Dash. It is true he betrayed not such a love of the picturesque in scenery as I could wish him to possess—casting a mere cursory glance over the fine landscape from the hill above the village; yet still he seemed in true harmony with the gladness of the morning, and was mirthful, if not sentimental. Verily a dog of pleasant humors and infinite waggery is Tom. I took the handsome fellow to have his daguerreotype taken a few days since—Oh you should have "been there to see!" You would have laughed heartily for once at least, in your earthly pilgrimage. Why, the creature had no taste for the Fine Arts, or a contempt for this particular branch. It was as though he knew that Rubens and Hogarth and Landseer had *painted* worse looking dogs, and *would not* be daguerreotyped. Naturally graceful as he is, he managed to throw himself into the most *outre* and ludicrous attitudes, and by his restlessness and awkwardness almost forfeited his good reputation as a setter. He sometimes appeared on the plate with one nose more than even a hunting-dog needs for scent—sometimes like those monster lambs exhibited at Museums, with two heads and two tails. At last he stretched himself at full length, and fell asleep, and we resolved to have him thus taken, though his snoring was so loud I almost expected it to appear in the picture. Presently his daguerreotype was before me. He looked like a Spaniard enjoying a siesta. There was the utmost abandon of taking-it-easy-comfort in the figure—a fine tone of aristocratic repose; but I missed the better standing-posture—the animated up-turn of the nose—the graceful droop of the ear—the large, dark, luminous eyes—the "life in every limb;"—in short, it looked like a portrait "taken after death," and suggested mournful fancies. To-morrow we intend making another grand effort. We think of fastening a tempting piece of meat to the ceiling above, far out of his reach. His eager look of hopeful aspiration, will, we think, give a fine effect to the picture. It will seem as though he heard a voice we could not hear, the voice of the hunter, Adonis, cheering his dogs over the Elysian fields,—or was just about to *set* the *Ursa Major*.

But I am wearying you with my nonsense—no, not exactly nonsense, for Tom *is* a dog in a thousand, a character which would bear study. If you doubt my word, come and see for yourselves. He will give you a most courteous reception at the gate, for it is only *shabby* subjects whom he brings up standing with his awful paws—to whom he reveals the white armory of his teeth.

Adieu, GRACE GREENWOOD.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1848.

REMOVAL.

Our subscribers will please take notice that we have removed the office of the Post, from No. 98 Chesnut Street, to No. 66 South Third Street, first house below the Girard Bank. Our office is in the *second* story, above that of the North American.

NOTICE.

We have withdrawn our General Travelling Agency for the Southern and South Western States, from Mr. Israel E. James, and his assistants, viz: *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, T. S. Waterman, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer, R. S. James, and Robt. Baston.*

Our only *Travelling* Agents in the South Western States now, are Mr. Henry M. Lewis, of Montgomery, Alabama, who is our Agent for Alabama and Tennessee; and R. Morris & Co., whom we have recently appointed our Agents for Mississippi.

Those of our subscribers in the South and South West, who have been in the habit of waiting to be called upon by an Agent, *will please remit to us directly at Philadelphia*. We have a large amount owing to us in those quarters, and we would take it as an especial favor, if our friends would now remit the amounts which they believe to be due.

Even in the States, both North and South, where we have Travelling Agents, we would request our friends not to wait to be called upon. The money that passes through the hands of an Agent, leaves a large per centage behind it; which our subscribers, by paying us directly, would save us. The right way to do, is to send on the yearly price promptly, (and the money for one or two new subscribers with *it, if possible,*) which puts us in good spirits, communicates a corresponding liveliness to our columns, and enables us to avail ourselves of all favorable openings to increase the attractiveness of the paper, which, when payments are deferred, we are forced to see pass by unimproved. Will not that large portion of our subscribers who are in arrears, remember that "the laborer is worthy of his hire?" hs

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for a club, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently. hs

THE MESSAGE.

We had intended to give, according to custom, a short abstract of the President's Message. But owing to the neglect of the Post Office Department [illegible] itself, however, will be found at length in our columns.

SELF-MADE MEN.

We came across the following extract recently in one of our exchanges—we know not what work it is from, or who is the author of it:

"If you are to be an exception," said Mr. Crabbe to his young friend, "you will be the first in all my observation and experience. You may take the whole population of Maryland, and select from it the fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and I will answer for it, they are all every one of them, men who began the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self-made men, who began with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our Courts, State and Federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has been so at any time since I have known the public men of this State or the nation; and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out.—The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long, to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as a matter of life and death. He who has a fortune to fall back upon will soon slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should leave his son any property at all. You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer. These are my deliberate sentiments, and I shall be rejoiced if, in your instance, I shall be mistaken."

The opinion broached in the above extract is one of that kind of which a great deal may be said on both sides. Men who profess the greatest faith in it, give the lie to it generally in their practice. The man who has been the artificer of his own fortunes—even while saying that he believes it to be the best for young men, to begin the world with nothing—will continue steadily at work, heaping up a fortune and creating a position for his children. And when practical men act in direct opposition to their theories, you may rest assured that their theories, even if true in a degree, are not the whole truth.

Now the fact of the matter we take to be simply this: There is no one rule that will apply to all grades of talent and character; to use an old and true phrase, "what is one (young) man's meat, is another's poison."

When the self-made man, who has acquired through a hard struggle, position and wealth, says that it would be better for his children to leave them to begin the world as he did, without a cent, he may say what is true, or he may say what is false. In a great majority of cases, however, he says, in our opinion, what is false.

For we look at it in this light. In the great majority of cases, we think facts prove that children are not endowed by nature with sufficient force of character to rise above the condition of the parents. Here and there a man raises himself from the position in which he was born, to eminence of some kind; but the reason of his success in life is not so much that he was born *poor*, as that he was born a *superior* man. If the fact of being poor was such a wonderful advantage, *all* the poor young men would in the course of time either become rich, or distinguish themselves in politics, the arts, or literature. But is it not the fact, that while some poor young men thus rise to distinction, the great majority remain in obscurity to the end of their days? We think so.

The children of a self-made man are often very inferior to their father—generally, perhaps, it is the mother's fault. As they grow up he sees they manifest but little of that power which enabled him to rise in the world, and he thinks it is owing to their not having had to struggle for a living.—He establishes them in business, or in a profession, and divides at his death a fortune among them.—Some of them are able to maintain their position, though not to advance any higher; others lose all and sink again into the class from which their father had risen. But this same family, if their father had been poor instead of rich, would probably have continued poor to the end of their lives.

We [illegible] that in the cases of self-made men, whose sons are fully equal to themselves, there may be instances in which the sons may seem to lounge away their lives in inactivity, and the father have good cause to regret that his wealth stands in the way of that sharp spur of necessity which would put them to their mettle; but, to balance this, we have the numerous advantages that wealth may secure, among which, perhaps, the most important are a thorough education and discipline of mind, which the great majority of self-made men feel every day the disadvantage of not possessing.

In the case of men possessing the very highest grade of intellect, it matters but little into what circumstances they are born; in fact, in proportion to the amount of power is the indifferency of circumstances. Daniel Webster was the son of a poor farmer, John Quincy Adams the son of a President of the United States—it is a matter of little moment to themselves or the world in what class such men are first thrown; they will inevitably mount to the highest place, be their parents rich or poor, distinguished or unknown.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Mr. Dallas, one of the counsel for Mr. Butler, in his speech in the Butler Divorce Case, used, according to the published report in the Ledger, the following language:

"Well, take another ground of complaint. Mrs. Butler, with one of the children, goes to her husband and says, "Mr. Butler, did you order" so-and-so "in regard to the children?" Well, what does he do? Why he treats her with indignity—he sits in silence behind the columns of a newspaper, and makes no answer. Why this may be an indignity, *but it is such a one as I would recommend to every husband when he finds his wife in danger of losing her temper, and about to get up a scene; let him catch the first newspaper he can, and behind its columns listen with equanimity.*

* * * * *

Then there is the governess, another ground of complaint; and yet to employ them is, in Mrs. B.'s native country, a universal practice; so upon the continent; and wherever the family has the means, they employ these useful, intelligent, and irreproachable females. Why cross him about the governess? She was as respectable as any woman in or out of that house. Mrs. Butler says she believed her irreproachable. *She relieved her of the trouble and care of the management of the children. Most wives would be glad to be rid of this responsibility.*"

We shall give no opinion upon the unfortunate controversy between Mr. and Mrs. Butler, because we have not cared to make ourselves acquainted with the facts of the case. But we must say, we do not especially admire the spirit displayed in the above extracts from the speech of Mr. Butler's counsel, G. M. Dallas. We think that a man can offer no greater indignity to his wife, than to meet any complaints she may have to make with a contemptuous silence—we are speaking now of such conduct in general, not of Mr. Butler's in particular, because he *may* have had much provocation. And so far from recommending such a course to husbands generally, even in cases where the wife "is in danger of losing her temper," we would advise them as they value their domestic peace, to remember that "a soft *answer* turneth away wrath."

Mr. Dallas says, "Most wives would be glad to be rid of the responsibility of the management of their children." We consider this a most atrocious libel upon the sex, and one only worthy the lips of a Fourierite. We believe Mr. Dallas does not even correctly represent the sentiments of the female "upper crust of society." That a woman, worthy the name of woman, should be pleased to have the whole care and direction of her children entrusted to a governess, is too unnatural to be true. A society composed of such women, would be fast ripening for a second flood.

MODERN DEGENERACY.

Under the above head, we find the following paragraph going the rounds:

It is very customary to talk about the degeneracy of the present race of men, in size and physical power, compared with our ancestors, but facts favor the contrary.

At a recent tournament in England, gotten up for the amusement of some of the idle nobility of the realm, scarcely a knight could squeeze himself into the corslets of the middle ages. In the gallery of a gentleman hung sixty complete suits of ancient armor. Two of the guests, men of average size, tried on the whole sixty in succession, and encountered failure in each case. The chests and shoulders of the effete modern, were found too brawny and broad for the panoply of their ancestors.

It may be that *race* had something to do with the above. The Normans, if we are not mistaken, were a smaller, slimmer race than the Saxons. If the ancient armor in question was that of a Norman family, it might not have been large enough for the descendants of Normans who had intermarried with Saxons. But, even with this qualification, the fact is an important one; proving, to say the least, that there has been no degeneracy in modern times, so far as the better classes of the English people are concerned. Whether the Sheffield grinder of to-day is physically equal to the *serfs* of the days of Harold, is a question not so easy to decide. That there has been a vast change for the better in morals, in all classes, is evident. When English masters were in the habit of selling the daughters of their serfs for the most infamous of purposes, certainly the state of morals in all classes, must have been very low. The facts of history prove beyond doubt, the regular advance of the middle and higher classes of England, mentally and morally, up to the present period. It is only in relation to the condition of the lower classes, that there are doubt and uncertainty.

AN AMERICAN COAT OF ARMS.

We do not know when we have met with an anecdote that pleased us better, than one we came across lately of Barnum, the "Museum man," of New York. It is as follows:

Barnum, who has adopted a "coat of arms," with the motto, "Love to God and be merry," obtained it by a short Yankee cut, which cost him no search into pedigree. While in Paris some time ago, the effects of a deceased Russian Ambassador, Prince T——, were sold at auction. Several English and other noblemen were at the sale, but as the gold, silver and porcelain ware bore the arms and initials of the Prince, no one but Barnum would bid for it. The consequence was, he got a superb bargain. To the initials P. T., sign man at once.

The natural American contempt of nobility and coats of arms shines out conspicuously in this anecdote—that contempt which is so sovereign, that it has lost the character of indignation, and taken the form of humor. Barnum bought the plate at a low price, and cared not that the coat of arms was thrown into the bargain. The coat of arms was not of sufficient importance even to be an objection. It had done for Prince T., and it would do for P. T. B., a plain American citizen. Doubtless Barnum has had many a joke about his coat of arms.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

The following paragraph is going the rounds of the press, derived, we believe, from a statement in a French paper:

On the 1st of December, now close at hand, the Emperor of Russia will have completed the twenty-second year of his reign, and in three years from that date he will have arrived at an epoch beyond which no Emperor has continued to reign. There exists in Russia a fundamental law, which goes back to a period anterior to the time of Peter the Great, and by which it is ordained that no Emperor shall hold the throne longer than twenty-five years. At the expiration of this period he is to abdicate in favor of the heir presumptive, or if he remains upon the throne, he braves the will of the Russian aristocracy, and exposes himself to be poinarded or strangled in his palace.

The New York Commercial doubts the truth of this statement. The editor says he has read a very considerable proportion of the works, both French and English, which treat of Russia, and that he has never seen the least trace of any such law. Cannot the author of the Sketches of Russia, published in the Post about six months ago, give us some positive information upon the subject?

THE WORK GOES BRAVELY ON.

Our friends in different places are increasing their lists grandly. Our best thanks are due to Noblesville, Indiana, Springfield, Massachusetts, Bristol, New York, Strickersville, Pennsylvania, Starrucca, Pennsylvania, Coolville, Ohio, Lebanon, Pennsylvania, &c. Where all have done so admirably, it seems almost invidious to particularize, but we may add that in Starrucca, Pennsylvania, the Post Master says that he considers a club of *twenty* subscribers in a place numbering only *sixteen* families, is "*doing very well;*" while in Lebanon, Pennsylvania, counting a late increase of twenty four, we have had an increase since last March of *seventy four* new subscribers. We intend making a desperate push for 100,000 subscribers this Winter, and if our friends go on as they have begun, we shall "toe the mark" before the Summer months. Then for a grand glorification in some shape or other. What shall it be?

A PREDICAMENT.

It is contended by many distinguished legal gentlemen of England and Ireland, that the Queen has no power to *commute* the punishment of O'Brien, Meagher, &c. That she has power to pardon, but not to commute, so far as Ireland is concerned; and that the choice must be between capital punishment and an unconditional pardon, unless the assent of the prisoners can be obtained to such a commutation.

It is generally supposed that the Government wishes to commute the sentence to transportation for life. In this difficulty, we would beg leave most respectfully to suggest to the British Government, a plan by which the wishes of her majesty's ministers could be effectually carried out. Let the Queen grant an unconditional pardon to the prisoners, and our word for it they will be at once *transported*.

THE BALL AXLE.

A correspondent writes to us as follows:—"I noticed an article in your paper of the 25th of November, describing a new kind of axle called the ball axle. Will you please to inform me how the ball is got into the groove, and when or how the wheel is taken off. Will you also please to inform me, if you know, who the inventor is, and also his place of residence."

Who can answer the above queries. We cannot. We derived what we published from one of our exchanges.

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

We would call the attention of our readers to the Concerts of this Society, composed of twenty-three Professors of Music, from Berlin. The Revolutions of Europe seem to be driving all the Professors of "the gentle craft" to our shores. It is an ill wind that blows nobody good.

THE CHOLERA.

The cholera is believed to have arrived at New York. The disease is said to have been brought over by a Havre packet, which lost seven passengers on the voyage. There are six cholera patients in the Quarantine Hospital, on Staten Island. It is said to be mild.

TAYLOR'S CAMPAIGNS.

The Panorama of Taylor's Campaigns in Mexico, now exhibiting in this city, is said to be well worth a visit. An insight into Mexican life, is furnished by it, in addition to the battles, marches, &c., &c.

THE GOLD REGION.

The astounding reports relative to the discovery of great quantities of Gold in California, are substantiated by interesting despatches received at the War Department from Col. Mason, the present commanding officer in that section, which documents will probably accompany the report of the Secretary of War to Congress. The Washington Union says:

The accounts are said to be wonderful. Sixteen whalers are reported as having been deserted by their crews. The smallest article of merchandise that happens to be in requisition, is said to command a great value in exchange for gold. The quantities daily dug up are very large. This vast bed of treasure was discovered by an accident.—Sutter was desirous of enlarging the race of his mill, and permitted the stream of water to pour in and wash, by its abrasive power, the earth in the ravine. The alluvial surface being thus removed, an extraordinary mosaic of gold was presented to the ravished view. But we shall have all the details next week in the public documents. The public must wait, therefore, for their official revelation.

We trust that the Government will lose no time in taking possession of these tracts of gold. The treasure belongs to the nation, not to individuals, and may serve to defray the heavy expenses of the war. Unless the Government does step in and take possession of it, the whole industry of the country will be greatly unsettled before long, and honest labor and economy rendered in a degree contemptible. If there is gold enough in this remarkable region to pay our national debt, and defray the annual expenses of the Government besides, so much the better, *perhaps*. But let it not be left to be grasped at by individuals.

THE LAST INVENTION.

The last invention is an India rubber "contrivance," by which a man can float about in the water almost as pleasantly as he can walk on the land—bating the danger of sharks, sword fishes, mackerel, &c. A New York correspondent of one of our dailies says that it was tested recently in that city, when a young gentleman named Lowell (not the poet) leaping from a steamboat at the South Ferry, went out with the current, and returned with the flood tide to Castle Garden, about five o'clock, having been four hours in the water. He came out perfectly dry and warm, to the astonishment and satisfaction of a number of gentlemen, who witnessed the commencement and close of the excursion. He regretted that he did not take along with him a newspaper or a book, to while away the time.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY.

The Diorama of the Mississippi Valley, now exhibiting at the Masonic Hall, is an admirable affair. Any one visiting it, will clear about fifty dollars by the operation—as he will obtain a complete view of that far-famed region, at an expense of fifty cents, instead of having to pay travelling expenses to at least the amount of as many dollars. We advise all our city readers, and those in the neighborhood of the city, to be sure and see it before it leaves for Europe. By the way, we trust one good will result from its exhibition in England, the convincing of the London cockneys what an insignificant place England is. They now universally believe that American travellers utter a falsehood when they tell them that the whole of England, if cut up in slices, could be put into the Mississippi River.

TEA.

On the fourth page we publish an account of an effort now making to introduce the culture of the tea plant into this country. Such efforts deserve the admiration of the community. We think they will be ultimately successful, and that the people of the United States, before fifty years, will cease sending to China for that which can be grown as well at home. We see it stated that the cultivation of tea is increasing greatly in Brazil. Many coffee planters have directed their attention to it, and in the interior, the tea used is of native growth. Success to the American tea growers. If they succeed, not much longer shall the people of this country be poisoned by the adulterated green teas of China.

AN AMERICAN IMPRISONED.

An American is said to have been imprisoned by the authorities of Cuba, for "taking American papers to the island." We do not think it *probable* that, under existing circumstances, the Captain General of Cuba would be apt to imprison an American citizen without just and sufficient cause.—But the matter doubtless will be speedily investigated by our government, and if the authorities of Cuba have acted in violation of the laws of nations, immediate redress will be demanded.

SCOTTISH INTOLERANCE.

There is a little religious intolerance yet left in the world, if we may credit a statement that has recently appeared, and which seems almost incredible, that 16,000 persons belonging to the Free Church of Scotland, are compelled to worship in the open air, because the landlords who own the soil in the districts where these thousands live, are determined to prevent the erection of Free Churches by refusing to sell land enough for the site of a house of worship.

[illegible] the usual variety of matter in our inside columns. As it only comes once a year, however, and as it is the President's "last word," we trust that those who do not read President's Messages, will patiently tolerate it. To another large portion of our readers, no excuse will be needed, for they will be anxious to hear the Executive give an account of his stewardship, as he may be no longer steward.

CONTRADICTED.

The horrible account of the murder of Major Singer, his wife and sister-in-law, in Saline Co., Mo., (copied by us last week), is said to be untrue. The affair was said to have occurred previous to the 10th ult., but a letter has been received at St. Louis, from the Major, dated the 11th.

PATENT FIRE KINDLING.

"Cheever's Fire Kindling," we are informed by our kindler of fires, is no humbug, but an invention of decided merit.

New Publications.

A SPLENDID NUMBER.

Graham's Magazine for January, 1849, is an admirable number. It is about double the usual size, containing eighty-four pages. The engravings are numerous and varied. The Title Page for the new volume is most gorgeous and magnificent, surpassing any thing we remember to have seen in that line, and does infinite credit to the designer and engraver, W. E. Tucker. Then there is an engraving of "The Belle of the Opera," one of "Oglethorpe University," and a spirited engraving of a wounded Mexican Guerilla, and two of his countrywomen—the last is an illustration of a tale by Mayne Reid. Besides these, there are smaller engravings illustrating the fashionable costumes of other times, the "Game Birds of America," &c. The literary contents are, "The Belle of the Opera," by J. R. Chandler, "The Corsair's Victim," by Hosmer, "A Dirge for O'Connell," by Miss Lynch, "The Illinois and the Prairies," by J. K. Paulding, "The Letter of Introduction," by Mrs. Annan, "The Fugitive," illustrated, by the Viscountess D'Aulney, "Barbara Uttman's Dream," by Mrs. Embury, "The Old New House," by H. Hastings Weld, and contributions of various characters, by R. T. Conrad, Kate Sutherland, Caroline F. Orne, Enna Duval, R. Coe, Jr., J. Bayard Taylor, Mrs. Osgood, Caroline C——, Professor Frost, Fayette Robinson, A. B. Street, H. H. Paul, W. Colton, &c., &c. "Kate Richmond's Betrothal," by Grace Greenwood, is in Grace's peculiar and admirable vein. We copy some lines to Mrs. G. R. Graham, by R. T. Conrad, because (if we may be permitted so to say,) they are truth as well as poetry.

> May not, in this sweet season, my meek prayer
> Rise near thine own? It is a prayer for thee,
> Gentle and pure, affectionate and fair,
> God guard thee ever! and around thee be
> Blessings like rays! Thine is a heart to throw
> A noble reflex from a manly mate
> To give his loftiest pulse a loftier glow,
> And shed o'er all his path a purer fate.
> Gentle as thou art may thy summers be!
> Sweet as thy voice and gentle as thy smile!
> And hope that know no winter give to thee
> All that is sweetest, surest! all that, while
> The clouded earth obscures, has power to light
> The soul upon that path that never knows a night.

MRS. SIGOURNEY'S POEMS.

We noticed, in our last paper, the *reception* of a copy of a new and illustrated edition of Mrs. Sigourney's Poems, published by *Messrs. Carey & Hart*, of this city. This edition is got up in the same magnificent style as that of Willis's Poems, published last year. In the respect of illustrations, the present volume is decidedly superior to either that of Willis or Bryant. Darley is a man of genius, as almost everything he designs proves. Many of the engravings in this volume, leave us nothing to desire. That of "Oriska" is perhaps the finest; though "The Western Emigrant," "The Tomb," "The Drooping Team," "The Aged Pastor," and "The Scottish Weaver," are all admirably conceived and executed. "The Eve," also, is fine, though she has rather too Quakerish a face for the great mother of all sects and races; while the boy in "The Western Emigrant," strikes us as being rather too large—a boy of that size would be put to work in a new country, instead of wasting his time prattling with his papa.

The attractiveness of the volume is further heightened by a portrait of Mrs. Sigourney, engraved by Cheney and Armstrong, from a miniature, by Freeman. It is a fine engraving, and realizes our idea of the esteemed authoress.

The paper and printing of the volume are of the best quality—the binding, however, is scarcely what it ought to be; muslin is hardly durable and elegant enough for a work of this character.

As to the contents of the book, the poems of Mrs. Sigourney, it is scarcely worth while to speak, for there are few persons who are not familiar with them. Our task is done when we have acquainted our readers with the fact that they are now published in such a beautiful form.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. Godey, for January, 1849, maintains the high reputation of the publisher, as one who knows well how to cater for the "many-headed monster." The new cover is a happy idea; and the Title Page for the new volume is beautiful. "The Dawn of Love," however, is the gem of the number; while an "Equestrian Fashion Plate," a "Wreath of Flowers, Model Cottages, and "Butter is Riz," give variety to the number. The literary matter is by H. H. Weld, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. J. C. Neal, S. Moore Shute, Clara Moreton, Miss Augusta C. Twiggs, H. T. Tuckerman, &c. Grace Greenwood contributes one of her admirable Heart Histories; Miss Leslie "The Two Weddings;" and The Author of the Widow Bedott Papers an Account of the Sewing Society. We would copy a sample of the contents, but "The Message," "The Message."

PICTORIAL BROTHER JONATHAN. A large sheet filled with engravings. *For sale by T. B. Peterson, and G. B. Zieber, Phila.*

General News.

MEXICAN CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The execution of a man took place recently in Mexico. He was convicted of having shot two men deliberately in some adventure—robbery, no doubt—in which all three were engaged. They strangle a fellow here instead of hanging him, and that in a manner at once simple and scientific. The condemned is placed sitting in a chair part of a large wooden frame, with a rail running along the back, against which the head rests and through which a screw is placed. The head of the victim is uncovered, and the executioner places an iron throat-band on the neck, which is taken hold of by the screw in the rail, and when the affair is thus adjusted the Priest says his last *vobiscum pace*, and the strangling man gives the screw another twist, saying "*bueno*," and so ends the "strange, eventful history" of that man.

WRITING ON NEWSPAPERS.—We find in the proceedings of the Court of Appeals of New York, the statement of a case in which Mary C. Felton sued the Postmaster, in the Justices' Court, for detaining a newspaper, on which he charged letter postage, because it had an initial upon the wrapper. It was decided in her favor. It was carried by the Postmaster to the Court of Common Pleas, where the verdict was confirmed.—From thence it was taken to the Supreme Court, where it was again affirmed—and now it is transferred to the Court of Appeals. The Postmaster is said to have acted under instructions from the Postmaster General.

GEN. CAVAIGNAC TO AN AMERICAN LADY.—A lady of my family (says a London letter in the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser,) addressed a note to the General, soliciting his autograph; his reply by return of mail was to the following effect: "Republique Francaise, Pouvoir Executif, Liberte Egalite, Fraternite."

"PARIS, le 4th Nov., 1848.

"You are a lady and an American, which is a double motive for my compliance with your request. I am not so vain as to attribute the sentiments which you express to myself, but to the sacred causes which I defend.

"Signed, CAVAIGNAC."

ABDUCTION.—The Albany Evening Journal says that Mr. Ray Marsh, of Buffalo, offers one thousand dollars reward for the recovery of his daughter, Amarillius Ann Marsh, aged eighteen years, who left her father's house in that city, on the 17th ult.—supposed to have been enticed away by some villain. She is described as being small in stature, spare face, acquiline nose, blue eyes, light hair, and easy and graceful in manners.

PRINCE WINDISCHGRATZ.—The Generalissimo of the Austrian troops is exceedingly rich, and descends on the maternal side from the celebrated Wallenstein. He is chivalrous, and of the greatest bravery; and his devotion to the Imperial family is unlimited, although he has instituted a process against that family for the renewal of the name and restoration of the property of Wallenstein.

THE NAME OF WELLESLEY.—It is not generally known, says an English paper, that the name of Wellesley was formerly written Wesley, and that the family was the same as John Wesley, the preacher. In his earliest commission, the Duke of Wellington is styled "Arthur Wesley." The surname of Wellesley is, however, one of assumption only.

[illegible] being recruited in New Orleans pretty fast. Col. White commands all that may be raised. He has appointed L. A. Besancon, Lieutenant Colonel. The Delta mentions that Captains Freeland, Purcell and Mace, all old campaigners, are raising companies.

ANCIENT CANOE.—An ancient canoe, hollowed from a solid oak tree, and measuring 19 feet in length, and 2½ in depth, and 2½ in width, has been discovered on the south bank of the Clyde, at Glasgow, by some laborers who were excavating the ground for the erection of a new quay.

TASTE IN NAMES.—Several new papers recently started in the city of Mexico, have for their titles *El Puñal de Bruto* (the dagger of Brutus,) *El Fantasma Vengador* (the spirit of vengeance,) *El Infierno* (Hell,) and others with no less terrible names.

CHINESE JUSTICE.—The "China Mail," published at Hong Kong, says:—"The grandson of one of the large defaulters to the government has been sent to prison to expiate the guilt of his grandsire who has been many years in the grave."

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the last week in this city was 120—adults 65, and children 55.

POSTSCRIPT.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

By the arrival of the Britannia, we have seven days later news from Europe.

The Emperor of Austria was perpetrating the greatest atrocities in Vienna, in revenge for the late rebellion.

In Berlin a struggle was momentarily expected between King and people. The King had dissolved the Assembly, which had declared itself *en permanence*. Twenty-five thousand troops of the line, with sixty-four field pieces, had been brought by the King to overawe the people. A general insurrection through Prussia and Austria was apprehended.

The troops of Austria were advancing against Hungary.

Middle classes of Cotton were rather higher—Grain dull and rather declining.

Clippings.

☞ The Planters of South Carolina talk of establishing a bank in each of the cotton States, to enable the grower to hold his crop until it can be sold at a fixed value. It is proposed to advance money on the faith of cotton.

☞ Baron A. De Rothschild came passenger to this country in the Cambria. He is a young man, the son of the Parisian banker.

☞ The Scotsman states that in several of the principal Scottish towns the Sabbatarians have been very active in returning members to the Town Councils pledged to close the post offices and railways on Sundays, but with a special exception in favor of cabs, hackney coaches, and private carriages!

☞ The Iroquois Indians in the State of New York are fast advancing in the scale of civilization. They are an agricultural people. The Legislature of the State has extended to them the benefits of the free school system.

☞ Out of the three thousand two hundred Paris insurgents transported there are no fewer than one hundred and fifty artists. Though almost every nation in Europe is represented amongst them, there is neither an Englishman nor an Irishman.

☞ There has been a great increase this year in the receipts on all the leading lines of English railways.

☞ In the four northern English counties—Durham, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmoreland—there are no fewer than 550 deaf and dumb, and 600 blind persons.

☞ The Indianapolis State Journal records the marriage of C. H. Boatright, and adds, "this is Esq. Boatright's sixth marriage."

☞ A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.—To hear her converse, you would have supposed she did nothing but read; to have looked through the department of her household, you'd have supposed she never read.

☞ The charcoal porters and venders are said to escape the cholera.

☞ Person who knows English, French, German, Italian and Spanish, is often able to say a stupid thing in five languages.

☞ The Government of Chili has voted fifty thousand dollars to attract emigration from England.

☞ An anxious parent lately introduced his son, a chuckle headed lout, to a village doctor, and told him that he thought the lad had been disposed to the small-pox, and should like to have him vaccinated, if it would not cost him more than half a crown.

☞ A foolish man takes life as he takes physic he shuts his eyes and swallows it, without asking questions.

☞ In so far it is better to be sordid than ferocious, so far is it better for a nation to be commercial than martial.

☞ "Jack," said one sailor to another, "I don't want to hurt your feelings, but shiver my timbers if I don't think you have stole my watch."

☞ There is an individual in this city, known as the "man with the five dollar bill," who frequents the omnibuses, with no smaller change than a "five." He is the terror of the drivers—frequently getting his ride for nothing.

☞ There are seven hundred and seventy eight banks in the Union. Their capital is nearly $210,000,000. Circulation about $125,000,000. Specie about $50,000,000.

☞ A modern writer says that the dog has been the companion of man for more than five thousand years, and has learned but one of his vices; and that is, to worry his species when in distress.

☞ The Statesman says the State of Ohio has now, either completed or commenced, five hundred and fifteen miles of railroad, which, when finished, will use over thirty-three thousand tons of railroad iron.

☞ A gentleman having built a house which could never find a tenant, a friend ("friends" are so good-natured) nicknamed it "Gibraltar," because (said he) *it would never be taken*.

☞ Among the superstitions of the Senegas is one remarkable for its singular beauty. When a maiden dies, they imprison a young bird until it first begins to try its power of song, and then loading it with kisses and caresses, they loose its bonds over her grave, in the belief that it will not fold its wings nor close its eyes until it has flown to the spirit land, and delivered its precious burden of affection to the loved and lost.

☞ Some robbers entered Barrett's auction-room, in Wilmington, Del., on Sunday night, and robbed the safe of fifty dollars in specie, but would not touch several hundred dollars' worth of bank bills.

☞ An English clergyman, at Exeter, recently attempted to preach to his congregation in a surplice. He was hissed, coughed and scraped, to such an extent, that he could not proceed until the police came an maintained order.

☞ The great Bridgewater collection of pictures is about to be thrown open to the public without other restriction or condition than decent apparel.

☞ In a cigar-shop in Parliament street, London, the following notice is posted:—"Credit given to gentlemen, but cash expected from members of Parliament."

☞ The next Christmas tale, by Dickens, is to be called "The Haunted Man, and the Ghost's Bargain; a fancy for Christmas time."

Political Intelligence

POLITICAL ITEMS.

The Cincinnati Globe says that Judge McLean did not vote for President on the 7th ultimo.

The Liberty League polled 111 votes for Gerrit Smith and Charles C. Foote in the State of Ohio.

The Globe is to be revived at Washington this winter by Messrs. Francis P. Blair and James C. Pickett, formerly Charge at Quito, South America. Mr. J. C. Rives will have charge of the business and Congressional departments. It is not to mingle in party politics.

Major Borland has been elected United States Senator in Arkansas, for Sevier's unexpired term, and Sebastian in place of Ashley. It is thought that Sevier will be elected for the next term.

Zachary Taylor proves to be a very old name, as the New York Sun says, that "in the list of emigrants from Gravesend, who embarked for Virginia, January 6, 1635, on board the "Thomas and John," Richard Lambard, master, occurs the name "*Zachary Taylor*, aged 24."

Governor Williams comprises all he has to say to the New Hampshire Legislature in a short newspaper column—confining himself entirely to State affairs. He briefly recommends an increase of pay to the judiciary—*county boards to promote agriculture*—the improvement of Common Schools, &c., &c.

Miscellaneous.

ONE OF THE PHASES OF INSANITY.

Perhaps no disease takes a greater number of forms than insanity. Protean in its nature, it seems to have baffled every attempt to classify its phases; and while the researches of human and scientific men present much that is novel and interesting, they contain, in proportion to their extent, little that can be considered available. The nature of insanity is either wholly inscrutable, or known too imperfectly to enable the physician to apply remedies with that precision, which characterizes [illegible] disorder.

It is not our purpose, however, to write the thousand and first essay upon Insanity; but simply to relate an instance of it, unlike, in all respects, any that ever came under our notice.

"Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. H., of C——n?"

We were strolling through one of the fashionable thoroughfares of Paris, when a stranger bowed, and addressed this enquiry to my companion. His accent was foreign; and the speaker, in stature much below the middle size, presented an anomaly, which would have puzzled the tailors and phrenologists of all Christendom. His costume,—a strange association of the military and monkish—would have left it quite a matter of uncertainty, whether nature had given him legs and arms, descending as it did like a huge bag from his chin to his heels; while his head, or rather the hinder part of it, sustained, by a very mysterious cohesion, something which resembled a combination of cocked hat and cowl,—and exposing a forehead, which, in dimensions and developement, certainly has no prototype in the works of Gall and Spurgheim.

My friend bowed.

"I am H. Von Artemes'," said the apparition, "and I have come to Paris upon business of importance; but it is necessary that I consult you before I undertake it. Will you read this?" and he handed him a small, strangely folded pocket, covered with characters, which would set Champollion himself at defiance.

"You are not aware, perhaps," he continued, "that I am the Viceroy of Canton. The British Government, just before the outbreak of the late French Revolution, solicited my acceptance of the appointment; and I went thither at an enormous sacrifice of convenience and position. Well, I had resided but a few months in Canton, when I received a telegraphic despatch, announcing the destruction of one of my most valuable subterranean plantations by fire,—burnt up by the carelessness of Faust. The Devil, having to preside over a Cabinet Council at St. James, left the furnaces to the care of Faust; and that fellow, in one of his philosophical abstractions, suffered a flame gust to sweep over my estate; and you know the consequences."

"Deplorable, certainly; but what do you purpose to do?"

"I must write to the Devil, immediately; and it is necessary that you should assist me."

"I shall be happy to learn how I can do so."

"Thus: My chief miner is ill. I have a gold mine in the Ural Mountains, which yields me about two hundred millions annually,—the chief miner is ill—has been ill ever since he swallowed an order, at three days sight, which I gave Charles Albert to pay his troops off. So I cannot send him; and I cannot go myself, as my presence will be required in St. Petersburg next week."

"Well?"

"I propose to make you my charge d'affaire."

"No objection; and when shall I start?"

He paused a moment. "On the 22nd, at nine o'clock in the morning."

"Why do you designate the time with such precision?"

"Because the Moon is in Apogee; and it is dangerous to quit the earth, this month, at any other time."

"You are an Astronomer, then?"

"No, but the friend of Astronomers. It was at my instance that Otho built an Observatory for Tycho Brahe; and I flatter myself that he is not ungrateful for certain suggestions which followed my intervention, in his behalf with the King. Did you ever hear of my quarrel with Galileo? It grew out of a difference of opinion respecting that absurd dogma of his, that the world turns round. Galileo was an excellent person, until he invented, or, I should say, re-invented the Telescope. After that, he became insufferably opinionated, and I was obliged to renounce his acquaintance."

"Did you know Kepler?"

"Intimately; and he was not less agreeable as a companion, than extraordinary as a man of genius. I have no reminiscences of acquaintance more pleasant, than those which attach to my intercourse with Kepler."

"Apropos—we were together in Gottingen on one occasion, and were invited to sup with Bleeden, a Doctor in the University. It was our first visit; and Kepler, instead of participating in, or rather, leading the conversation, which happened to turn upon Astronomy, did nothing, the whole evening, but play at Domino with the children. In vain, Bleeden tried to draw him out; all he could elicit was occasional monosyllable; and when, on our return, I ventured to hint to Kepler the uncourtliness of his manner, he said, rather pettishly, 'you should never talk tools to a carpenter, when he comes to see you; leave it to him, to talk of them if he likes. When Bleeden invites me to see him again, he will probably understand, that I accept the invitation, not as Kepler, the Astronomer, but as Kepler.'

"But, gentlemen, I have no time to waste upon reminiscences. I shall be happy to entertain you, however, at No. 214 Rue de St. Denis, where you will find me at any hour after six."

And this was a madman!

Congressional.

FROM WASHINGTON.

THE OPENING OF THE SECOND SESSION OF THE THIRTIETH CONGRESS—ORGANIZATION OF BOTH HOUSES.

WASHINGTON, December 4, 1848.

SENATE.—Mr. Dallas being absent, Mr. Atchison, as President pro tem., called the Senate to order at 12 o'clock, M.

The Rev. Mr. Slicer delivered a very feeling and impressive prayer.

On motion, the Secretary was instructed to inform the House that the Senate had organized, and was ready to proceed to business.

The Senate being now properly organized, on motion, Mr. Breese offered a resolution for the appointment of a Joint Committee from both Houses, to wait upon the President and inform him that the two Houses of Congress had been organized, and were ready to receive any communication which he might be pleased to make, which was adopted.

Mr. Douglas gave notice that he would introduce a bill to organize territorial governments in California, New Mexico, &c.

Mr. Cameron gave notice that he would introduce a bill providing for the taking of the census of the United States.

Mr. Cameron offered a resolution, authorizing the customary number of newspapers to be taken for the use of the Senators.

The Senate soon after adjourned.

HOUSE.—At 12 o'clock, Mr. Winthrop, (Speaker,) called the House to order.

The new members elect, who were present, were introduced and sworn into office.

A message was received from the Senate, informing them that that body had organized.

After the preliminary steps of the organization had been gone through with, a Committee was appointed to wait upon the Committee from the Senate, to inform the President of the organization of the two Houses.

Mr. Wilson presented the credentials of Mr. Sibley, a Delegate from Wisconsin. This gave rise to a discussion, involving points of much interest. The matter was finally referred to the Committee on Elections.

The members then drew lots for seats. After having selected their seats, the House adjourned until to-morrow morning.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

Fellow Citizens of the Senate and House of Representatives:—Under the benignant Providence of Almighty God, the Representatives of the States and of the People are again brought together to deliberate for the public good. The gratitude of the nation to the Sovereign Arbiter of all human events, should be commensurate with the boundless blessings which we enjoy. Peace, plenty and contentment reign throughout our borders, and our own beloved country presents a sublime moral spectacle to the world.

The troubled and unsettled condition of some of the principal European powers has had a necessary tendency to check and embarrass trade and to depress prices throughout all commercial nations; but notwithstanding these causes, the United States with their abundant products have felt their effects less severely than any other country, and all our great interests are still prosperous and successful. In reviewing the great events of the past year and contrasting the agitated and disturbed state of other countries with our own tranquil and happy condition, we may congratulate ourselves, that we are the most favored people on the face of the earth. While the people of other countries are struggling to establish free institutions, under which man may govern himself, we are in the actual enjoyment of them—a rich inheritance from our fathers. While enlightened nations of Europe are convulsed and distracted by civil war or intestine strife, we settle all our political controversies by the peaceful exercise of the rights of freemen at the ballot box.

The great republican maxim, so deeply engraven on the hearts of our people, that the will of the majority constitutionally expressed, shall prevail, is our sure safeguard against force and violence. It is a subject of just pride that our fame and character as a nation, continue rapidly to advance in the estimation of the civilized world. To our wise and free institutions it is to be attributed, that while other nations have achieved glory at the price of the suffering, distress and impoverishment of their people, we have won our honorable position in the midst of an uninterrupted prosperity, and of an increasing individual comfort and happiness.

I am happy to inform you that our relations with all nations are friendly and pacific. Advantageous treaties of commerce have been concluded within the last four years with New Granada, Peru, the two Sicilies, Belgium, Hanover, Oldenburg and Mecklenburg Schwerin. Pursuing our example, the restrictive system of Great Britain, our principal foreign customer, has been relaxed, a more liberal commercial policy has been adopted by other enlightened nations, and our trade has been greatly enlarged and extended. Our country stands higher in the respect of the world than at any former period. To continue to occupy this proud position, it is only necessary to preserve peace and faithfully adhere to the great and fundamental principle of our foreign policy of non-interference in the domestic concerns of other nations. We recognize in all nations the right which we enjoy ourselves, to change and reform their political institutions according to their own will and pleasure. Hence we do not look behind existing governments, capable of maintaining their own authority. We recognize all such actual governments, not only from the dictates of true policy, but from a sacred regard for the independence of nations.

While this is our settled policy, it does not follow that we can ever be indifferent spectators of the progress of liberal principles. The government and people of the United States hailed with enthusiasm and delight the establishment of the French republic, as we now hail the efforts in progress to unite the States of Germany in a confederation, similar in many respects to our own federal Union. If the great and enlightened German States, occupying, as they do, a central and commanding position in Europe, shall succeed in establishing such a confederated government, securing at the same time to the citizens of each State, local governments adapted to the peculiar condition of each, with unrestricted trade and intercourse with each other, it will be an important era in the history of human events. Whilst it will consolidate and strengthen the power of Germany, it must essentially promote the cause of peace, commerce, civilization, and constitutional liberty throughout the world.

With all the governments on the continent of America our relations, it is believed, are now on a more friendly and satisfactory footing than they have ever been at any former period.

Since the exchange of ratifications of the treaty of peace with Mexico, our intercourse with the government of that republic has been of the most friendly character. The Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Mexico has been received and accredited; and a diplomatic representative from Mexico of similar rank has been received and accredited by this government. The amicable relations between the two countries which had been suspended have been happily restored, and are destined, I trust, to be long preserved. The two republics, both situated on this continent, and with coterminous territories, have every motive of sympathy and of interest to bind them together in perpetual amity.

This gratifying condition of our foreign relations renders it unnecessary for me to call your attention more specifically to them.

It has been my constant aim and desire to cultivate peace and commerce with all nations. Tranquility at home, and peaceful relations abroad, constitute the true permanent policy of our country. War, the scourge of nations, sometimes becomes inevitable, but is always to be avoided when it can be done consistently with the rights and honor of the nation.

One of the most important results of the war into which we were recently forced with a neighboring nation, is the demonstration it has afforded of the military strength of our country. Before the late war with Mexico, European and other foreign powers entertained imperfect and erroneous views of our physical strength as a nation, and of our ability to prosecute war, and especially a war waged out of our own country. They saw that our standing army on the peace establishment did not exceed ten thousand men. Accustomed themselves to maintain in peace large standing armies for the protection of thrones against their own subjects as well as against foreign enemies, they had not conceived that it was possible for a nation without such an army, well disciplined and of long service, to wage war successfully. They held in low repute our militia, and were far from regarding them as an effective force, unless it might be for temporary defensive operations when invaded on our own soil. The events of the late war with Mexico have not only undeceived them, but have removed erroneous impressions which prevailed to some extent even among a portion of our own countrymen. That war has demonstrated, that upon the breaking out of hostilities not anticipated, and for which no previous preparation had been made, a volunteer army of citizen soldiers equal to veteran troops, and in numbers equal to any emergency, can in a short period be brought into the field. Unlike what would have occurred in any other country, we were under no necessity of resorting to draughts or conscriptions. On the contrary, such was the number of volunteers who patriotically tendered their services, that the chief difficulty was in making selections, and determining who should be disappointed and compelled to remain at home. Our citizen soldiers are unlike those drawn from the population of any other country. They are composed indiscriminately of all professions and pursuits: of farmers, lawyers, physicians, merchants, manufacturers, mechanics, and laborers; and this not only among the officers, but the private soldiers in the ranks. Our citizen soldiers are unlike those of any other country in other respects. They are armed, and have been accustomed from their youth up to handle and use fire-arms; and a large proportion of them, especially in the western and more newly settled States, are expert marksmen. They are men who have a reputation to maintain at home by their good conduct in the field. They are intelligent, and there is an individuality of character which is found in the ranks of no other army. In battle, each private man, as well as every officer, fights not only for his country, but for glory and distinction among his fellow citizens when he shall return to civil life.

The war with Mexico has demonstrated not only the ability of the government to organize a numerous army upon a sudden call, but also to provide it with all the munitions and necessary supplies with despatch, convenience, and ease, and to direct its operations with efficiency. The strength of our institutions has not only been displayed in the valor and skill of our troops engaged in active service in the field, but in the organization of those executive branches which were charged with the general direction and conduct of the war. While too great praise cannot be bestowed upon the officers and men who fought our battles, it would be unjust to withhold from those officers necessarily stationed at home, who were charged with the duty of furnishing the army, in proper time and at proper places, with all the munitions of war and other supplies so necessary to make it efficient, the commendation to which they are entitled. The credit due to this class of our officers is the greater, when it is considered that no army in ancient or modern times was ever better appointed or provided than our army in Mexico. Operating in an enemy's country, removed two thousand miles from the seat of the federal government, its different corps spread over a vast extent of territory, hundreds and even thousands of miles apart from each other, nothing short of the untiring vigilance and extraordinary energy of these officers could have enabled them to provide the army at all points, and in proper season, with all that was required for the most efficient service.

It is but an act of justice to declare, that the officers in charge of the several executive bureaus, all under the immediate eye and supervision of the Secretary of War, performed their respective duties with ability, energy, and efficiency. They have reaped less of the glory of war, not having been personally exposed to its perils in battle, than their companions in arms; but without their forecast, efficient aid, and co-operation, those in the field would not have been provided with the ample means they possessed of achieving for themselves and their country the unfading honors which they have won for both.

When all these facts are considered, it may cease to be a matter of so much amazement abroad how it happened that our noble army in Mexico, regulars and volunteers, were victorious upon every battle-field, however fearful the odds against them.

The war with Mexico has thus fully developed the capacity of republican governments to prosecute successfully a just and necessary foreign war with all the vigor usually attributed to more arbitrary forms of government. It has been usual for writers on public law to impute to republics a want of that unity, concentration of purpose, and vigor of execution, which are generally admitted to belong to the monarchical and aristocratic forms; and this feature of popular government has been supposed to display itself more particularly in the conduct of a war carried on in an enemy's territory. The war with Great Britain, in 1812, was, to a great extent, confined within our own limits, and shed but little light on this subject. But the war which we have just closed by an honorable peace, evinces, beyond all doubt, that a popular representative government is equal to any emergency which is likely to arise in the affairs of a nation.

The war with Mexico has developed most strikingly and conspicuously another feature in our institutions. It is, that without cost to the government or danger to our liberties, we have in the bosom of our society of freemen, available in a just and necessary war, virtually a standing army of two millions of armed citizen-soldiers, such as fought the battles of Mexico.

But our military strength does not consist alone in our capacity for extended and successful operations on land. The navy is an important arm of the national defence. If the services of the navy were not so brilliant as those of the army in the late war with Mexico, it was because they had no enemy to meet on their own element. While the army had opportunity of performing more conspicuous service, the navy largely participated in the conduct of the war. Both branches of the service performed their whole duty to the country. For the able and gallant services of the officers and men of the navy—acting independently as well as in co-operation with our troops—in the conquest of the Californias, the capture of Vera Cruz, and the seizure and occupation of other important positions on the Gulf and Pacific coasts, the highest praise is due. Their vigilance, energy, and skill rendered the most effective service in excluding munitions of war and other supplies from the enemy, while they secured a safe entrance for abundant supplies for our own army. Our extended commerce was nowhere interrupted; and for this immunity from the evils of war, the country is indebted to the navy.

High praise is due to the officers of the several executive bureaus, navy yards, and stations connected with the service, all under the immediate direction of the Secretary of the Navy, for the industry, foresight, and energy with which everything was directed and furnished to give efficiency to that branch of the service. The same vigilance existed in directing the operations of the navy, as of the army. There was concert of action and of purpose between the heads of the two arms of the service. By the orders which were from time to time issued, our vessels of war on the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico were stationed in proper time and in proper positions to co-operate efficiently with the army. By this means their combined power was brought to bear successfully on the enemy.

The great results which have been developed and brought to light by this war, will be of immeasurable importance in the future progress of our country. They will tend powerfully to preserve us from foreign collisions, and to enable us to pursue uninterruptedly our cherished policy of "peace with all nations, entangling alliances with none."

Occupying, as we do, a more commanding position among nations than at any former period, our duties and our responsibilities to ourselves and to posterity are correspondingly increased. This will be the more obvious when we consider the vast additions which have been recently made to our territorial possessions, and their great importance and value.

Within less than four years the annexation of Texas to the Union has been consummated; all conflicting title to the Oregon Territory south of the forty-ninth degree of north latitude, being all that was insisted on by any of my predecessors, has been adjusted; and New Mexico and Upper California have been acquired by treaty. The area of these several Territories, according to a report carefully prepared by the Commissioner of the General Land Office from the most authentic information in his possession, and which is herewith transmitted, contains one million one hundred and ninety-three thousand and sixty-one square miles, or seven hundred and sixty-three million five hundred and fifty-nine thousand and forty acres; while the area of the remaining twenty-nine States, and the Territory not yet organized into States east of the Rocky mountains, contains two million fifty-nine thousand five hundred and thirteen square miles, or thirteen hundred and eighteen million one hundred and twenty-six thousand and fifty-eight acres.

These estimates show that the territories recently acquired, and over which our exclusive jurisdiction and dominion have been extended, constitute a country more than half as large as all that which was held by the United States before their acquisition. If Oregon be excluded from the estimate, there will still remain within the limits of Texas, New Mexico, and California, eight hundred and fifty-one thousand five hundred and ninety-eight square miles, or five hundred and forty-five million twelve thousand seven hundred and twenty acres; being an addition equal to more than one-third of all the territory owned by the United States before their acquisition; and, including Oregon, nearly as great an extent of territory as the whole of Europe, Russia only excepted. The Mississippi, so lately the frontier of our country, is now only its centre. With the addition of the late acquisitions, the United States are estimated to be nearly as large as the whole of Europe. It is estimated by the superintendent of the coast survey, in the accompanying report, that the extent of the seacoast of Texas on the Gulf of Mexico is upwards of four hundred miles; of the coast of Upper California, on the Pacific, of nine hundred and seventy miles; and of Oregon, including the Straits of Fuca, of six hundred and fifty miles; making the whole extent of seacoast on the Pacific one thousand six hundred and twenty miles, and the whole extent on both the Pacific and the Gulf of Mexico two thousand and twenty miles.

The length of the coast on the Atlantic from the northern limits of the United States, around the Capes of Florida to the Sabine, on the eastern boundary of Texas, is estimated to be three thousand one hundred miles; so that the addition of seacoast, including Oregon, is very nearly two thirds as great as all we possessed before; and excluding Oregon, is an addition of one thousand three hundred and seventy miles; being nearly equal to one half of the extent of coast which we possessed before these acquisitions. We have now three great maritime fronts—on the Atlantic, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Pacific—making in the whole an extent of seacoast exceeding five thousand miles. This is the extent of the seacoast of the United States, not including bays, sounds, and small irregularities of the main shore, and of the sea islands. If these be included, the length of the shore line of coast, as estimated by the superintendent of the coast survey, in his report, would be thirty-three thousand and sixty-three miles.

It would be difficult to calculate the value of these immense additions to our territorial possessions. Texas, lying contiguous to the western boundary of Louisiana, embracing within its limits a part of the navigable tributary waters of the Mississippi, and an extensive sea-coast, could not long have remained in the hands of a foreign power without endangering the peace of our southwestern frontier. Her products in the vicinity of the tributaries of the Mississippi must have sought a market through these streams, running into and through our territory; and the danger of irritation and collision of interests between Texas as a foreign State and ourselves would have been imminent, while the embarrassments in the commercial intercourse between them must have been constant and unavoidable. Had Texas fallen into the hands or under the influence and control of a strong maritime or military foreign power, as she might have done, these dangers would have been still greater. They have been avoided by her voluntary and peaceful annexation to the United States. Texas, from her position, was a natural and almost indispensable part of our territories. Fortunately she has been restored to our country, and now constitutes a part of our confederacy, "upon an equal footing with the original States." The salubrity of climate, the fertility of soil, peculiarly adapted to the production of some of our most valuable staple commodities, and her commercial advantages, must soon make her one of our most populous States.

New Mexico, though situated in the interior, and without a seacoast, is known to contain much fertile land, to abound in rich mines of the precious metals, and to be capable of sustaining a large population. From its position, it is the intermediate and connecting territory between our settlements and our possessions in Texas, and those on the Pacific coast.

Upper California, irrespective of the vast mineral wealth recently developed there, holds at this day, in point of value and importance, to the rest of the Union, the same relation that Louisiana did, when that fine territory was acquired from France forty-five years ago. Extending nearly ten degrees of latitude along the Pacific, and embracing the only safe and commodious harbors on that coast for many hundred miles, with a temperate climate, and an extensive interior of fertile lands, it is scarcely possible to estimate its wealth until it shall be brought under the government of our laws, and its resources fully developed. From its position, it must command the rich commerce of China, of Asia, of the islands of the Pacific, of Western Mexico, of Central America, the South American States, and of the Russian possessions bordering on that ocean. A great emporium will doubtless speedily arise on the Californian coast, which may be destined to rival in importance New Orleans itself. The depot of the vast commerce which must exist on the Pacific will probably be at some point on the bay of San Francisco, and will occupy the same relation to the whole western coast of that ocean, as New Orleans does to the valley of the Mississippi and the gulf of Mexico. To this depot our numerous whale ships will resort with their cargoes, to trade, refit, and obtain supplies. This of itself will largely contribute to build up a city, which would soon become the centre of a great and rapidly increasing commerce. Situated on a safe harbor, sufficiently capacious for all the navies as well as the marine of the world, and convenient to excellent timber for ship building, owned by the United States, it must become our great western naval depot.

It was known that mines of the precious metals existed to a considerable extent in California at the time of its acquisition. Recent discoveries render it probable that these mines are more extensive and valuable than was anticipated. The accounts of the abundance of gold in that territory are of such an extraordinary character as would scarcely command belief were they not corroborated by the authentic reports of officers in the public service, who have visited the mineral district, and derived the facts which they detail from personal observation. Reluctant to credit the reports in general circulation as to the quantity of gold, the officer commanding our forces in California visited the mineral district in July last, for the purpose of obtaining accurate information on the subject. His report to the War Department of the result of his examination, and the facts obtained on the spot, is herewith laid before Congress. When he visited the country, there were about four thousand persons engaged in collecting gold. There is every reason to believe that the number of persons so employed has since been augmented. The explorations already made warrant the belief that the supply is very large, and that gold is found at various places in an extensive district of country.

Information received from officers of the navy, and other sources, though not so full and minute, confirm the accounts of the commander of our military force in California. It appears, also, from these reports, that mines of quicksilver are found in the vicinity of the gold region. One of them is now being worked, and is believed to be among the most productive in the world.

The effects produced by the discovery of these rich mineral deposits, and the success which has attended the labors of those who have resorted to them, have produced a surprising change in the state of affairs in California. Labor commands a most exorbitant price, and all other pursuits but that of searching for the precious metals are abandoned. Nearly the whole of the male population of the country have gone to the gold districts. Ships arriving on the coast are deserted by their crews, and their voyages suspended for want of sailors. Our commanding officer there entertains apprehensions that soldiers cannot be kept in the public service without a large increase of pay. Desertions in his command have become frequent, and he recommends that those who shall withstand the strong temptation, and remain faithful, should be rewarded.

This abundance of gold, and the all-engrossing pursuit of it, have already caused in California an unprecedented rise in the price of the necessaries of life.

That we may the more speedily and fully avail ourselves of the undeveloped wealth of these mines, it is deemed of vast importance that a branch of the mint of the United States be authorized to be established, at your present session, in California. Among other signal advantages which would result from such an establishment would be that of raising the gold to its par value in that territory. A branch mint of the United States at the great commercial depot on the west coast, would convert into our own coin not only the gold derived from our own rich mines, but also the bullion and specie which our commerce may bring from the whole west coast of Central and South America. The west coast of America and the adjacent interior embrace the richest and best mines of Mexico, New Granada, Central America, Chili, and Peru. The bullion and specie drawn from these countries, and especially from those of Western Mexico and Peru, to an amount in value of many millions of dollars, are now annually diverted and carried by the ships of Great Britain to her own ports, to be recoined or used to sustain her National Bank, and thus contribute to increase her ability to command so much of the commerce of the world. If a branch mint be established at the great commercial point upon that coast, a vast amount of bullion and specie would flow thither to be recoined, and pass thence to New Orleans, New York, and other Atlantic cities. The amount of our constitutional currency at home would be greatly increased, while its circulation abroad would be promoted. It is well known to our merchants trading to China and the west coast of

Varieties.

TO MAKE RELATIVES AFFECTIONATE.

For many years, an old man in the arrondissement of Trevet had lived very miserably in a small house that belonged to him. He had no places and since very well off, but, his income being supposed the nearest pittance, they gave themselves very little trouble about him. For more than six months since, he fell ill; and, upon this occasion, he wrote a most pathetic and touching letter of his distress, in which he advised them, that, having always lived alone, and having no relations but them, he wished, before he died, to secure them against all dispute of his property, by making his will formally in their presence. He fixed the succeeding day for their visit.

Impatient to know what property he could have to leave, they came punctually to the investigation.

"My dear children!" said the old man, when they were all assembled, "I have always been very economical—a secret of my having amassed some little property. I wish to die with some certain knowledge of whom this will fall to. I have therefore thus arranged my will, and when read, it will be deposited with the notary, and cannot, under any circumstances, be cancelled.

"To my two nephews, Charles and Isidore, I leave my vats, forming a capital of one thousand francs; to my niece and her daughter Celestine, I give a small property which I own in Burgundy, worth five thousand francs. My niece Louise will receive the cash at present deposited with my notary, about four thousand seven hundred francs, without reckoning the interest of the present year. As to the poor furniture which you see around you, I wish it distributed to the poor."

The four heirs agreed that this arrangement of the property in question was very judicious.—The old man, upon this, called for pen and ink, gave to the paper in his hand, sealed it, and gave it to the notary.

From this day forward the dear old uncle was treated with great attention. He was affable, and would nothing, and in consideration of his well known repugnance to spending money even on necessaries, everything was supplied in the most satisfactory manner.

The unfortunate man's health declined rapidly as possible, and on the morning of his death, he called his nephews and nieces around to the notary and demanded the sweating of the will. It contained these words:—

"Having no relations, I am compelled to go to the Alms House, and I was desirous of dying in my own bed and in comfort.

"Learn how to live, you who have lost me assistance to die!"

The four legatees furiously left the notary, and resolved to countermand the first clauses of the engagements they had entered—but it was too late. The old man went to his grave with all the honors of a funeral, and while the nephews and nieces paid the bill of the undertaker they had neglected.—*Translated for the Home Journal.*

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr C. W. JAMES, No. 1 Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our general travelling agent for the Western States, assisted by *James R. Smith, J. T. Dent, T. Bennett, Frederick T. Hance, John C. Smith, Thomas Young, Jason Taylor, B. M. Stowe sr., and W. Hamilton.*

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS of Montgomery, Alabama, is our general travelling agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

E. MORRIS & Co., are our travelling agents in Georgia.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE is our only Collector of Bills in DENVER, Ohio.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and collect money for the Post in Cincinnati, Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for **New York State.**

FRANCIS SHEPHERD, do. do. for the Eastern States.

JACOB H. HASSENPLUG, do. do. in Pennsylvania.

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WM. WHITE, Jr., Raleigh, N. Carolina, is Agent for the paper.

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The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, December 7, 1848.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The vast aggregate of the stock of flour and meal in this city and region, is sufficient to send their supplies more freely into market than they have been during the past week, but the dealers seem to be content with the course of the market, and there is only a moderate business doing. Sales of 7,000 bbls at $4 37½ for common extended to $4 50 for extra brands. Rye Flour is also lower, and sells at $3 75 per bbl. Corn Meal has been moderately sold at previous rates, with sales of 1,000 bbls, at $3 87½ for Penna. Meal, closing at $3 81½.

GRAIN—Wheat is in fair demand, but has been moderately sold at previous rates, with sales of 1,000 bbls, at $1 30 for Pennsylvania, closing at $1 31.

Rye is in demand, and has been moderately sold at previous rates, with sales of 400 bbls, at 70 cts for Pennsylvania, closing at 70 cts.

Corn is in demand, and has been moderately sold at previous rates, with sales of 4,000 bbls, at 40 cts for yellow, and 39 cts for white. Oats are in demand, and have been moderately sold at previous rates, with sales of 1,000 bbls, at 27 cts for Pennsylvania, closing at 27 cts.

BARK—The market is pretty supplied with Quercitron Bark, but there is a good demand for it, at $27 per ton for first quality No 1. Some sales of Chestnut Oak have been made at the quotations—$17 to $17 50 per ton.

BEEF—Our market continues to be unchanged. Sales of 200 bbls at $6 for Country. Limit young.

BEESWAX—In this article there is no change.

CANDLES—Sales of Mould Tallow have been made at 8 cts.

COAL—The season for coming operations is nearly at an end, and the supply is unusually large. The demand has become quite limited, but prices continue to rule firm. We quote Red Ash, Lump and Broken $4 75 @ $5 per ton; Red Ash, Egg and Broken Coal, do. $4 50 @ $4 75; White Ash, Lump and Broken, do. $4 50 @ $4 75; White Ash, Egg and Broken Coal, do. $4 25 @ $4 50; Red Ash, Stove and Nut Coal, $5 @ $5 25; White Ash, Stove and Nut Coal, $4 75 @ $5 per ton. By rail-road, the rates from $4 12½ to 4 25 per ton. Arrivals and sales by canal. Further returns of Anthracite Manufactures at Philadelphia.

COTTON—The market is pretty quiet, and sales of 1,200 bags chiefly Leguayra, at 6¾, and some Ex. Stock at 7¼.

The imports this season, have been as follows:

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls. & Alab.	Total
From Ex. Ports, bags	2,767	47,007	49,774
" Baltimore	1,000	4,000	5,000
" Domestic	30	12,457	12,487
" Boston		1,000	1,000
Entered here	1,738	24,238	25,976
	5,535	88,702	94,237
Exported	1,768	30,732	32,500
Stock	3,767	57,970	61,737

COTTON—There has been less demand since the day of our last, and the week's sales are about 2,000 bales, including Upland and New Orleans, at prices within the following range:

	Upland & Fla.	N. Orls. & Alab.
Middling	6¾	6¾ @ 6¾
Middling Fair	6 7-16	6¾ @ 6¾
Fair	6 ¾	6¾ @ 7

The exports since 1st Jan. have been:

	Upland.	Fla.	Orleans.	Total.
Charleston	1,021	11,553	1,225	13,799
Savannah	963	11,403	1,935	14,301
Mobile		1,000		1,000
New Orleans	1,302	16,599	11,915	29,816
Texas	1,482	7,697	1,045	10,224
Total	3,767	72,152	47,960	123,879

DOMESTIC GOODS—The market continues quiet, and prices are a shade lower.

FEATHERS—The demand continues to a fair extent, and sales of 15,000 lbs good Western at 36 cts per lb.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel is moderate, with limited receipts. Sales of No. 1 at $7 50@7 75, No. 2 at $6 50@6 75, and No. 3 at $5@5 50 per bbl. Shad and Salmon have been placed in store this week for want of room.

FRUIT—The exports during the month of November, have been as follows:

The present year	1,184 bbls.
	117,196
Previous to this year	1,184 bbls.
	115,264

FRUIT—The demand for new Malaga Raisins continues limited. Sales of 1,500 drs Muscatel at $1 75, and 500 do. Layer Bunch at $1 62½ @ 62½ and 50 do. Loose Bunch at $1 62½ @ 62½ and 50 do. Loose Bunch at $1 62½ @ 62½ and 50 do. Loose

Selected Poetry.

THE FISHERMAN.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

There lived an honest fisherman,
I knew him passing well,
Who lived hard by a little pond,
Within a little dell.
A grave and quiet man was he,
Who loved his hook and rod;
So even ran his line of life,
His neighbors thought it odd.

For science and for books, he said,
He never had a wish;
No school to him was worth a fig,
Except a "school of fish."
The single minded fisherman
A double calling had,—
To tend his flock in winter time,
In summer fish for shad.

In short, this honest fisherman
All other toils forsook,
And though no vagrant man was he,
He lived by "hook and crook."
All day that fisherman would sit
Upon an ancient log,
And gaze into the water, like
Some sedentary frog.

A cunning fisherman was he,
His *angles* were all *right*,
And when he scratched his aged *poll*,
You'd know he'd got a *bite*.
To charm the fish, he never spoke,
Although his voice was fine,
He found the most convenient way
Was just to "*drop a line*."

And many a "gudgeon" of the pond,
If made to speak to-day,
Would own, with grief, this angler had
A mighty "*taking way*."
One day, while fishing on a log,
He mourned his want of luck,
When suddenly he felt a bite,
And jerking—caught a *duck*.

Alas! that day the fisherman
Had taken too much grog,
And being but a landsman, too,
He couldn't "*keep the log*."
In vain he strove with all his might,
And tried to gain the shore;
Down, down he went, to feed the fish
He'd baited oft before!

The moral of this mournful tale
To all is plain and clear;
A single "drop too much" of rum
May make a watery *bier*.
And he who will not "sign the pledge,"
And keep the promise fast,
May be, in spite of fate, a *stiff*
Cold water man at last!

Incidents of Travel.

AN INCIDENT ON THE PACIFIC.

FROM CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

Some years ago I was rambling amidst the various groups of islands scattered over the great Southern Pacific Ocean. I had reached Roratonga, from Sydney, in a vessel called the "Samuel and Mary," which was driven on shore and knocked to pieces by a hurricane about three weeks after I had left her at that island.

From the fragments of this wreck, Makea, the king, or rather head chief of Roratonga, had built and rigged a small vessel for himself, and which was navigated for him by an American, who had resided for nearly twenty years on that and the adjacent islands. And as this vessel was about to proceed on a kind of exploring voyage, intending to visit a great number of islands in quest of cocoa-nut oil and arrow-root, to be purchased from the natives, I resolved, as she intended to call finally at Tahiti, whither it was my wish to proceed, to embark on board of her for the voyage, as I was in no particular hurry to get to the place of my destination, and was glad, moreover, of the opportunity of seeing many rarely-visited islands, which the occasion presented.

At the last of the Navigator group which we touched at, however, we found several natives who had been waiting some months in the hopes of a vessel calling which could take them back to their own island, called Aitutaki. They had been cast away, and in the following manner:—They had on their own island built a vessel for themselves in the white man's fashion: the only resemblance to which fashion was, that it certainly was not a canoe. We were told that it was a most miserable thing when finished, but the natives themselves were very proud of their handiwork. Well, they put to sea, intending to go to an island called Wateoo, about one hundred and fifty miles off; and so conceited were they as to their ability to *navigate* their craft, that they actually refused the offer of a sailor living on the island to steer their vessel for them. The consequence was, that during a storm or head wind which occurred in the night, they missed their course; and when day broke, no land was to be seen! For many weeks did they toss about that immense ocean, which must be sailed over ere its vastness can at all be comprehended, ignorant of their position, and whither they were driving, suffering, as may be imagined, very great hardships from hunger and thirst. The sea in that latitude has a strong westerly current, which carried them all the way to the Navigators, near which group they were picked up by a whaler, who burnt their vessel, in order to prevent its becoming a coffin for them, and then landed them on this island, where they had ever since resided, having been treated with the utmost kindness and humanity by its inhabitants.

They were, of course, very anxious to embark on board of us. The American, our captain, if I may give him the title, was in all respects a thorough-bred Yankee, his long stay in these islands having robbed him of none of his original "down-east" acuteness. He listened quietly to all that the candidates for a passage had to say for themselves, and then drawled out to me in a most villainous nasal twang, "Wa'l, I 'spose I'll take 'em; my wife's a native of their islands, and she tells me it will 'blige her. Besides, they'll give me a pig apiece for passage money, and I guess they finds their own fixins' (Anglice, provisions;) and I've a notion I'll get all the 'ile and arrer-root on their island, and tother tradin' for a'most nothin', if they have any gratitoode. And, as you say, it's a Christian dooty to help 'em." I thought that he might have omitted the last motive with a good grace, considering that he was to be so well paid for the job.

As there was very little trading at this particular island, we had only to wait until we got our new passengers with their "traps" on board. I was much amused by a little incident which took place before starting. The canoes were alongside with the provisions for the natives, consisting of bananas, cocoa-nuts, bread-fruit, &c; all of which, as well as the pigs for passage-money, had been supplied by the generosity of the people they had been so long staying with. The passage money was being counted and examined by the skipper with a critical eye, before being consigned to the enclosure which had been got ready for them, when all at once I heard him loudly protesting against the currency of one of the coins. In other words, one of the pigs was so decidedly small and lean, that he positively rejected it. "Do you call that 'ere crittur a pig?" said he: "I call it the *ghost of an uncommon tall rat* in a gallopin' consumption. I declare it ain't got strength to grunt, let alone squeal!" And in spite of protestations that it was the only one he could get, the poor fellow was obliged to paddle ashore to seek out another. I saw him stand on the beach for some minutes gazing at the pig, the cause of his perplexity. But apparently he soon decided upon a course of action. Bundling the animal once more into the canoe, he quietly paddled round a small sandy point, where he was hidden from the ship's deck, where no one but myself was watching his movements. I had the curiosity to ascend the rigging to see what he could be after, as there were neither huts nor pigs in that direction. I got to the masthead just in time to see him run his canoe on the beach, and drag out his pig. To my astonishment, he then plunged the luckless animal entirely under water, and held it there for some time. Again and again did he repeat the operation, until the poor grunter could have had but little breath left. In about twenty minutes he boldly returned to the ship, and offered the pig to the captain. He looked at it. "Wa'l," said he, "I guess that *has* more belly on it, it has," and certainly it did look fatter, for it had been forced to swallow about half its own volume of water. "Put it along with the rest." I did not like to betray the poor fellow, for I thought the Yankee had been well paid already for his task. He partly discovered the trick, however, before we had been long under weigh. Acting as his own butcher he selected the hydropathic patient as the first subject for the knife; and his astonishment at the huge gush of water which followed his incision was great. I suppose he must have considered the pig diseased from dropsy, for he handed it over to the natives, who, being let into the secret by the culprit, had no scruple in eating it.

In order to replenish their stock of cocoa-nuts, we stood in for a small group of islands called Palmerston's Island, circled by one large reef; in fact one of those remarkable coral formations which are termed "atolls," in contradistinction to what are called "fringing or barrier reefs."

No one who has not sailed over the Pacific can form any distinct conception of the remarkable appearance presented by these varieties of the coral formations, more particularly by that variety called in the Indian Archipelago "atolls" or "lagoons," with islands rising within them. Fancy, in the middle of the ocean, across whose bosom you have been swiftly moving for weeks, a snow-white circle, of greater or less diameter, formed by the breakers lashed into foam by the waves of the ocean coming into contact for the first time with the rampart of coral. Outside this circle are the dark-blue heaving waters of the profound sea; within is a smooth expanse of brilliant light-green, calm, and comparatively shallow water; this circular reef, covered by its foaming breakers, and enclosing these quiet waters, is, strictly speaking, a true atoll. But sometimes the still waters within contain low islets, formed of sand, and the soil created from the decomposed corals, which branch in delicate beauty of form and color in every portion of the lagoon. The encircling reef also may in some parts raise itself above the reach of the furious breakers, and on the soil there formed, as well as on that of the low islets within, the most luxuriant vegetation of the tropics quickly springs up. Sometimes, indeed, the barrier reef is wholly raised above the breakers, and thus within the snow-white line of surf, which forms a superb fringe to it and to the blue ocean, a beautiful belt of foliage, composed chiefly of the graceful and towering cocoa-nut, embraces the calm waters within. Altogether, it is a striking and very lovely scene, and the colors are intense.

Palmerston Island, the name given to the little group of islets which we were now approaching, and which were densely covered with cocoa-nut trees, we supposed to be uninhabited, as they were but sand-heaps, though supporting so plentiful a vegetation. But as if to make good a saying of our captain, "that you will everywhere find a Scotchman, a crow, and a Newcastle grindstone," here, in this lonely spot of ocean, we did fall in with a native of the "Land o' Cakes." As we approached the island late in the afternoon, we were surprised to see a canoe emerging through an opening in the reef, and, what astonished us yet more, it hoisted a white sail (the sign of white men being there), as the natives use sails made of matting. When she came alongside, two white men jumped on board. One was evidently an American. His companion also betrayed his country by his speech. Ere he had uttered a few words, I hailed him as a countryman. No one who is not a Scotchman, and has never wandered in strange and far-away lands, can tell the delight which filled both our minds when we discovered that we were natives of the same fair city—Perth. Our subjects of conversation for the next hour they remained on board may be easily imagined. Pleasant to me was the accent of his tongue; pleasant the reminiscences of his youth, for they recalled those of my own, and the scenes by the bonny Tay where they were laid.

This young gentleman was of a respectable family. His father was British Consul for many years at the capital of one of the northern powers. He himself was an engineer, but had gone to Australia, where his brothers were stock keepers, or squatters, as they were termed, at Moreton Bay. Not finding his employment in Sydney to his liking, he took it into his head to unite a little speculation with a little wandering over the Pacific Ocean.—Cocoa-nut oil at that time was selling in Sydney at £40 a ton; and as it cost but £15 to make it at the islands and bring it there, he determined to try his hand at the job. He invented a machine, in the first place, for the purpose of preparing the nuts—a process which is performed by the natives with great labor by hand, with a piece of flint or shell. His apparatus he took to Tahiti, and from thence he sailed for this place, in company with the American and three or four natives to assist him. But they had used up all the cocoa-nuts fit for their purpose, and were, moreover, tired of the game: the more so, that all their stores were exhausted, and they had been living for three months on fish and sea-fowls eggs, both of which could be procured in great quantities. Their first cry out was for tobacco; they said they did not care about their beef and biscuit having run out so long as their tobacco lasted they were contented. We supplied them liberally with the weed, as well as a part of our flour and biscuit; and having obtained a stock of green nuts for the natives, we left them, as they declined coming with us, being certain that, although he was so far behind his time, the captain of the vessel which had left them there would still call and take them off. Nor were they disappointed, as I saw my friend three months afterwards at Eimeo, an island near Tahiti. He told me that the cause of the delay consisted in the vessel having made a direct trip to Sydney, instead of calling for them on her way. They were picked up, with all their stock of oil, a few days after we left them, and taken to Tahiti.

We called at numerous islands before we reached that which was the residence of our native passengers. Perhaps no people in the whole world are fonder of their own particular homes than are the South Sea Islanders. The impatience and longing of those with us to get once more a glimpse of their own dear island home was extreme. Every morning at daylight with eager eyes would they be on deck scanning the various islands we passed, and never did the watch cease, until one morning, as I was going on deck, I heard a tremendous yell, and "Aitutaki! Aitutaki!" shouted out with a perfect transport of passionate delight and eagerness. As we neared the shore, they became more and more excited. There is no proper anchorage; but ships lay off and on in a particular bay; and as we coasted round the island to reach it, and as they recognized each well-known object on shore, which was a mile distant then, I thought they would all go "daft" together. At last one could stand the slow movement of the vessel no longer; he was pointing with trembling earnestness to some spot on the beach, when all at once he uttered a yell and sprang clean overboard. One or two followed his example, so eager were they to tread once more the soil of their dear island. They had been absent six months, and of course had long ago been given up as lost. Such a scene as ensued when the meeting took place! All the population had assembled, and at the unexpected sight of their long-lost friends, such a yell arose! Such rubbing of noses together; such howlings of joyful recognition! As our Yankee skipper said, "I guess it 'ud require forty donkeys to describe the *echo of it*."

All belonging to the vessel were treated with the utmost kindness; indeed I do not remember anywhere spending a happier week than that amongst these simple and hospitable islanders; and it was with regret that we left them to steer our course to Tahiti.

Selected Articles.

SONG.

For a Temperance Dinner to which Ladies were Invited.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

A health to dear woman! she bids us untwine
From the cup it encircles, the fast clinging vine;
But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure will glow,
And mirror its bloom in the bright wave below.

A health to sweet woman! the days are no more
When she watched for her lord till the revel was o'er,
And smoothed the white pillow, and blushed when he came,
As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead of flame.

Alas for the loved one! too spotless and fair,
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share;
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in the rills,
As their ribbons of silver unwind from the hills;
They breathe not the mist of the bacchanal's dream,
But the lilies of innocence float on their stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman once more!
She brings us a passport that laughs at our door;
It is written on crimson—its letters are pearls—
It is countersigned *Nature*—so, room for the Girls!

EDEN.—"Some learned doctors have endeavored to fix the period of time during which our ancestral parents remained in the Garden of Eden. In the Historia Scolastica of Petrus Comestor, it is stated, that, the traditionary account places the time seven hours—*Quidam tradunt eos fuisse in Paradiso septem horas*. If an hour be reckoned as a month, that is as a definite period of time, it will be seven months, or the interval betwixt spring and fall. When they first entered the garden, therefore, it was filled with every thing beautiful to behold: that is to say, the trees, shrubs, and plants were all in full bloom. They remained until fruit was ripe, for of that Eve plucked; so that they must have entered in the spring, and they certainly came out in the *fall*."

CHANGE FROM THE OLD TO THE NEW STYLE.

The change in the style, by which the beginning of the legal year is made to commence on the 1st of January, instead of the 25th of March, on which day it began under the old style, is thus familiarly explained by Dr. Benjamin Franklin, in his Poor Richard's Almanac, for 1752, a copy of which has been politely furnished us by a friend. We publish it because it explains the whole matter, not generally well understood, in a manner so clear and plain, as to render it easy of comprehension.—*Daily News.*

CHANGE OF THE STYLE.

Since the King and Parliament have thought fit to alter our year, by taking eleven days out of September, 1752, and directing us to begin our account for the future on the 1st of January, some account of the changes the year hath undergone, may a little gratify public curiosity.

The vicissitudes of seasons seem to have given occasion to the first institution of the year. Men naturally curious to know the cause of that diversity, soon found it was the nearness and distance of the sun; and upon this gave the name *year* to the space of time wherein that luminary, performing his whole course, returned to the same point of his orbit.

And hence, as it was on account of the seasons, in a great measure, that the year was instituted, their chief regard and attention was that the same parts of the year should always correspond to the same seasons; that is, that the beginning of the year should always be when the sun was in the same point of his orbit, and that they should keep pace, come round and end together.

This different nations aimed to attain by different ways; making the year to commence from different points of the zodiac; and even the time of his progress different. So that some of their years were much more perfect than others, but none of them quite just, that is, none of them but whose parts shifted with regard to the parts of the sun's course.

It was the Egyptians, if we may credit Herodotus, that first formed the year, making it to contain three hundred and sixty days, which they sub-divided into twelve months, of thirty days each.

Mercury Trismegestius added five days more to the amount, and on this footing Thales is said to have instituted the year among the Greeks, though that form of the year did not hold throughout all Greece. The Jewish, Syrian, Roman, Ethiopic, Arabic, &c., years are all different.

In effect, considering the poor state of Astronomy in those ages, it is no wonder different people should disagree in the sun's course. We are even assured by Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch and Pliny, that the Egyptian year itself was at first very different from what it became afterwards.

According to our account of the Solar year, or the interval of time in which the Sun finishes his course through the Zodiac, and returns to the same point, thereof from which he had departed, is three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-nine minutes; though some astronomers make it a few seconds, and some a whole minute less; as Kepler, for instance, who makes it three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes, fifty-seven seconds, thirty-nine thirds. Ricciolus three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes. Tycho Brahe three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-eight minutes.

The civil year is that form of year which each nation has contrived to compute time by; or, the *civil*, is the tropical year, considered as only consisting of certain numbers of whole days; the odd hours and minutes being set aside, to render the computations of time in the common occasions of life more easy.

Hence, as the tropical year is three hundred and sixty-five days, five hours, forty-nine minutes,—the civil year is only three hundred and sixty-five days, and hence also as it is necessary to keep pace with the Heavens, it is required that every fourth year consist of three hundred and sixty-six days, which would forever keep the year exactly right, is the odd hours of each year were *precisely* six.

The ancient Roman year, as first settled by Romulus, consisted of ten months only, viz:—1. March, containing 31 days; 2. April, 30 days; 3. May, 31 days; 4. June, 30 days; 5. Quintilis, 31 days; 6. Sextilis, 30 days; 7. September 30 days; 8. October, 31 days; 9. November, 30 days; 10. December, 30 days; in all, 304 days, which come short of the Solar year by 61 days.

Hence, the beginning of Romulus's year was vague, and unfixed to any precise season—to remove which inconvenience, that Prince ordered so many days to be added yearly, as would make the state of the Heavens correspond to the first month, without incorporating these additional days, or calling them by the name of any month.

Numa Pompilius corrected this irregular constitution of the year, and composed two new months, January and February, of the days that used to be added to the former year. Thus Numa's year consisted of twelve months, viz:—1. January, containing 29 days; 2. February, 28; 3. March, 31; 4. April, 29; 5. May, 31; 6. June, 29; 7. Quintile's, 31; 8. Sextile's, 29; 9. September, 29; 10. October, 31; 11. November, 29; 12. December, 29; in all, 355 days; which came short of the common solar year by ten days; so that its beginning was vague and unfixed. Numa, however, desiring to have it fixed to the winter solstice, ordered 22 days to be intercalated to February every second year, 23 every fourth, 22 every sixth, and 23 every eighth year.

But the rule failing to keep matters even, recourse was had to a new way of intercalating and instead of 23 days every eighth year, only 15 were added; and the case of the whole committed to the Pontifex Maximus, or High Priest, who, neglecting the trust, let things run on to the utmost confusion, and thus the Roman year stood till Julius Cæsar made a reformation.

The Julian year is a solar year, containing, commonly, 365 days, though every fourth year called Bissextile, contains 366. The names and order of the months of the Julian year, and the number of days in each, are well known to us, having been long in use.

The astronomical quantity, therefore, in the Julian year, is 365 days, six hours, which exceeds the true solar year by eleven minutes—which excess, in 131 years, amounts to a whole day, and thus the Roman year stood, till the reformation made therein by Pope Gregory.

Julius Cæsar, in the contrivance of his form of the year, was assisted by Sosigenes, a famous mathematician called over from Egypt for the very purpose, to supply the defect of 67 days which had been lost by the neglect of the High Priests, and to fix the beginning of the year to the winter solstice, made that year to consist of 15 months, or 445 days, which for that it used to be called Annus Confusionis, the year of confusion.

This form of the year was used by all Christian nations, till the middle of the sixteenth century, and still continues to be so by several nations; among the rest by the Swedes, Danes, &c., and by the English till the second of September next, (1752) when they are to assume the Gregorian year.

The Gregorian year is the Julian year, corrected by this Rule, that whereas on the common footing every secular or hundredth year is Bissextile, three of them are common years, and only the fourth Bissextile.

The error of eleven minutes in the Julian year, little as it was, by being repeated over and over, at length became considerable; and from the time when Cæsar made his correction, was grown into thirteen days, by which the Equinoxes were greatly disturbed. To remedy this irregularity, which was still growing, Pope Gregory XIII. called together the chief astronomers of the time, and concerted this correction; and to restore the Equinoxes to their place, threw out the ten days that had been got from the Council of Nice, and which had shifted the 5th of October to the 15th.

In the year 1700, the error of ten days was grown to eleven, upon which the Protestant States of Germany, to prevent farther confusion, accepted the Gregorian correction, and now, in 1752, the English follow their example.

Yet is the Gregorian year far from being perfect, for we have shown that in four centuries, the Julian year gains three days, one hour and twenty minutes. But it is only the three days are kept out in the Gregorian year, so that there is still an excess of one hour twenty minutes in four centuries; which in seventy-two centuries, will amount to a whole day.

As to the commencement of the year, *the legal year in England* used to begin on the day of the Annunciation, that is, on the 25th of March, though the historical year began on the day of the Circumcision—the first of January, on which day the Italian and German year also began, and on which day ours is to begin from this time (1752) forward.

MEANNESS is the acquisition of money is generally followed by insolence in the possession.

Our Picture Gallery.

THE WIDOW'S CAKE

THE PARSON AND THE WIDOW: A TRUE STORY.

From "The New Miscellany," a capital book for the young, published by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

In good New England, long ago,
An odd old parson dwelt,
Whose happy face reflected well
The kindliness he felt.

One freezing day in winter time,
He left his cheerful fire,
To call on his parishioners,
And of their weal inquire.

At supper time the parson stood
Beside a cottage door;
Where, comforting a widow's heart,
He oft had been before.

The widow's face was lit with smiles,
To see the welcome guest,
Who kissed the children heartily,
And sat him down to rest.

The meagre fire, of brush and chips,
Could give but little heat,
And clustered close the children drew,
To let him warm his feet.

With words of peace and christian hope
He cheered the widow's heart;
And led her, by his sympathy,
Her troubles to impart.

He asked her, whether she had flour?
And how her apples stood?
If her potatoes lasted well?
And if she wanted wood?

And thus, at last, he learned with pain,
How few were her supplies;
And inwardly he then resolved
To give her a surprise.

Within a pan before the fire,
There stood a Johnny cake;
And eagerly the children watched
To see it slowly bake.

With earnestness the parson talked,
And as the cake grew brown,
He absently broke off the crust,
And calmly ate it down.

With anxious eyes the children saw
Their supper disappear,
And every hungry little one
Was filled with restless fear.

At last he rose to take his leave,
When all the cake was gone,
And strong suspicions crossed his mind
Of what he must have done.

He smiled, and to the children said,
"That cake was very fine;
Since I your supper have enjoyed
I hope you'll relish mine."

The parson quickly reached his home;
He found the table spread
With tea and toast, and chickens broiled,
And rolls of snowy bread.

He caught a basket in the hall,
And calling for his wife,
They packed the smoking supper in
As if they worked for life.

A trusty man the basket bore;
The children heard him knock,
And hurried to unlatch the door,—
An eager little flock.

And soon, around their hearty meal,
They sat with noisy glee;
For never did their eyes before
So grand a supper see.

Among his rich parishioners
That night the parson went,
And asked them, how the Lord had blessed
The labor they had spent.

They told him of their loaded barns,
Their stores of grain and wood;
He told them of the widow poor,
In want of fire and food.

The honest farmers' hearts were touched;
Before another night,
With comforts, sent by nameless friends,
The widow's heart was light.

And fervently she thanked the Lord,
From whom her blessings came,
And taught her children, in their prayers,
To lisp their pastor's name.
S. S. T.

Humorous Sketch.

THE BAFFLED TRAVELLER.

During the rage of the continental war in Europe, occasion—no matter what—called an honest Yorkshire 'Squire to take a journey to Warsaw. Untravelled and unknowing, he prepared himself with no passport; his business concerned himself alone, and what had foreign nations to do with him?

His route lay through the states of neutral and contending powers. He landed in Holland, passed the usual examination, but insisting that the affairs which brought him there were of a private nature, he was imprisoned—and questioned—and sifted; and appearing to be incapable of design, was at length permitted to pursue his journey.

To the officer of the guard which conducted him to the frontiers, he made frequent complaints of his treatment, and of the loss he should sustain by the delay; he swore it was uncivil and unfriendly, and ungenerous; five hundred Dutchmen might have travelled through Great Britain without a question;—they never questioned any strangers in Great Britain—nor stopped them—nor guarded them.

Roused from his native phlegm by these reflections on the policy of his country, the officer slowly drew the pipe from his mouth, and emitting the smoke therefrom—

"Mynheer," said he, "when you first set your foot on the land of the seven United Provinces, you should have declared you came here on affairs of commerce," and, replacing his pipe, relapsed into immovable taciturnity.

Released from his unsocial companion, he soon arrived at a French post, where the sentinel of an advanced guard requested the honor of his permission to ask his passports; and on his failing to produce any, he was entreated to pardon the liberty he took of conducting him to the commandant, but it was his duty, and he must, however reluctantly, perform it.

Monsieur le Commandant received him with cold and pompous politeness, he made the usual inquiries, and our traveller, determined to avoid the error which had produced so much inconvenience to him, replied that commercial concerns drew him to the continent.

"*Moi foi*," said the commandant, "*c'est un negotiant, un bourgeois*—take him away to the citadel, we will examine him to-morrow, at present we must dress for the comedy—*allons*."

"*Monsieur*," says the sentinel, as he conducted him to the guard-room, "you should not have mentioned commerce to Monsieur le Commandant; no gentleman in France disgraces himself with trade; we despise traffic. You should have informed Monsieur le Commandant that you entered the dominion of the *Grand Monarque* for the purpose of improving yourself in singing, or in dancing, or in dressing; arms are the profession of a man of fashion, and glory and accomplishments his pursuits. *Vive le Roi*."

He had the honor of passing the night with a French guard, and the next day was dismissed.

Proceeding on his journey, he fell in with a detachment of German chasseurs. They demanded his name, his quality, and his business in that country. He came, he said, to learn to dance, and to sing, and to dress. "He is a Frenchman," said the corporal. "A spy," cries the sergeant. And he was directed to mount behind a dragoon, and carried to the camp.

The officer whose duty it was to examine prisoners, soon discovered that our traveller was not a Frenchman, and that as he did not understand a syllable of the language, he was totally incapable of being a spy; he therefore discharged him, but not without advising him no more to assume the flippery character of a Frenchman.

"We Germans," said *he*, "eat, drink and smoke; these are our favorite employments, and had you informed the party that you followed no other business, you would have saved them, me, and yourself trouble."

He soon approached the Prussian dominions, where his examination was still more strict; and on answering that his only designs were to eat, and to drink, and to smoke—

"To eat!—and to drink!—and to smoke!" exclaimed the officer with astonishment—"Sir, you must be forwarded to Potsdam; war is the only business of mankind."

But the acute and penetrating Frederick soon comprehended the character of our traveller, and gave him a passport under his own hand. "It is an ignorant and innocent Englishman," *said the veteran*; "the English are unacquainted with military duties; when they want a General, they borrow one of me."

At the barriers of Saxony he was again interrogated. "I am a soldier," said our traveller, "behold the pass-port of the first warrior of the age!"

"You are a pupil of the destroyer of millions," replied the sentinel; "we must send you to Dresden, and hark ye, *sir*, conceal your passport, as you would avoid being torn to pieces by those whose husbands, sons and relations have been wantonly sacrificed at the shrine of Prussian ambition."

A second examination at Dresden cleared him of suspicion. Arrived at the frontiers of Poland, he flattered himself his troubles were at an end; but he reckoned without his host.

"Your business in Poland?" interrogated the officer.

"I really don't know, sir," replied the traveller.

"Don't know your own business, sir?" resumed the officer. "I must conduct you to the starost."

"For the love of God," said the wearied traveller, "take pity on me. I have been imprisoned in Holland for being desirous to keep my own affairs to myself. I have been confined all night in a French guard-house, for declaring myself a merchant; have been compelled to ride seven miles behind a German dragoon, for professing myself a man of pleasure; I have been carried fifty miles a prisoner in Prussia, for acknowledging my attachment to ease and good living; and have been threatened with assassination and death in Saxony, for avowing myself a warrior; and, therefore, if you will have the goodness to let me know how I am to render such an account of myself as may not give offence, I shall consider you as my friend and preserver."

Agricultural.

WESTERN VS. IRISH PORK.

FROM THE DANVILLE (IA.) ADVERTISER.

A paragraph has been travelling the rounds of the newspapers, stating that the Pork Contractors for the English Army and Navy have been restricted to the Irish market, because American pork is stronger and coarser than Irish fed. Now, I have never had the pleasure of *tasting* Irish pork, neither have I felt the *pain* of an Irish famine gnawing into my vitals—but I have exercised my *gustatory faculties* to the full many a time on American pork, and in the plentitude of my ignorance had supposed, until recently, that no nation "under the sun" had a better article, or more of it than ourselves. But it seems that Ireland, in spite of the "potato rot," has a *better* article and *plenty of it*, and John Bull is so fond of good feeding himself, that he is determined to have it, cost what it may, to feed his "beef-eating" soldiers and sailors on.

The Philadelphia Evening Post wants to know of our Western farmers, "if it won't PAY to feed their hogs Irish-fashion?" I am a modest man, Mr. Advertiser, and have not "the cheek" to answer such a "big paper" as the Post, directly, and so shall have to do it through you, and when he turns over the Advertiser and *finds* the answer, "let him make a note on't."

The only difference that can exist in the *two* kinds of pork, is made in the driving. All "hog drivers" know that hogs "fall off" to even move them a few miles, and that this loss in weight, is occasioned by the diminution of the juices and *not* of the solid material, unless when greatly fatigued by long and "hard driving," which soon begins "to tell," especially, if they fail to eat. Driving also compacts "the muscular fibre," makes it hard and bulk for bulk heavier, than when not driven; but coarser or stronger—never!

Irish pork may then be a little juicer and softer than American, as it is *never driven*;—the other always is—and some of it, almost or quite as far as from Dublin to Liverpool. But to say that "boiled potatoes" and "bean chop" make better pork, than Corn, is "all in *our* eye." Mr. Post. Eastern folks must be "desperate ignorant" *not* to see through such "thin skinned" objections to our pork, as Mr. Bull makes use of, in order to *favor* Irish Landlords, and to keep as much of his money and of his gold from "coming over" for provisions as possible.

"Won't it pay," asks the Post, "to feed Irish-fashion?" Pay! Yes it will, and better than corn—but where is the use of it, when all the *Irish* is lost off before we get them to market! *We* once drove a lot of Irish-fed—but where meal was used instead of beans—and we'll never drive another, if we know it; for we had nearly lost the lot, when we got them to Madison; one hog, in particular, had lost one hundred pounds, besides the grease. This, we thought at the time, a "little too much for one hog." But to prove that the reasons given by John Bull for this *protective tariff*, laid on American pork, are not *the* reasons why it was *prohibited* from entering into competition with Irish pork—I will just ask the Post, or any other *journal*, how long Mr. Bull has been so very particular about the *taste* of the meat he fed his soldiers on?

* * * * * * * *

When it comes to giving our farmers a market for their wheat, pork and beef, then it is "*our* Bull that gored their ox and we *must* pay for him!" Things, too, that are at a nominal duty, they are so particular about, that our shippers are afraid to take them to market. They would be glad to take a few hogsheads of our bacon, but really they can't afford it; it don't suit their market; "as the *hair* is scalded off, and they relish it best *singed off*!" Reader, you have heard fellows boasting of being perfect *singed cats* to fight, but I'll bet my eyes you never heard of a singed hog before. And the *nice* kegs our lard is put into are horrid in an English market—they want it done up in bladders—"with a cob round it"—as though a hog furnished *bladders* enough to *bladder* his lard. In this particular the French are more reasonable, they want "him put into de tin keg—by gar!" Would that all America thought as I did, and then the English supremacy would not last two years, for when they made faces at our meat, we would make "a few" at their goods, and then "let the deil take the hindmost" "for all of." JOT.

Belleville, Nov., 1848.

BONE MANURE.

About one half the weight of bones consists of phosphate of lime, a substance difficult of solution, and in a very dry season the effects of bones are slight and imperfect. Professor Liebig discovered that by the application of sulphuric acid to the bones, a portion of the lime forming the bones, would unite with the sulphuric acid, and form sulphate of lime—gypsum. The other portion of the lime would be left in combination with a double portion of phosphoric acid—forming super-phosphate of lime, which is readily soluble in water, and would at once be taken up by the plant.

"This explains the cause of the valuable properties of the preparation. The bones, in their natural state, are extremely indigestible; the acid cooks them—converts them into a species of soup, which can readily be eaten and digested by the young turnips and other plants. The adamantine fetters with which the various elements composing bones are bound so compactly together, are, by means of this new agent, burst asunder—the compact is broken, and each constituent element is left to pursue its own course, and exercise its own natural affinities."

The effects of bones thus prepared have answered every expectation; four bushels of bones dissolved in half their weight of oil of vitriol, have been found more effectual than sixteen or twenty bushels of crushed bones in their raw or natural state.

"The advantages of such a preparation are very great—first, in stimulating and forwarding the growth of the plant; next, in the cheapness of the application, and next, in its so forcing the plant as soon to place it beyond the reach of the fly, which never attacks it after the third leaf is formed."

We hope many of our farmers next year will try the experiment of using bone manure for turnip and other crops. Some experiments we have made with a few barrels of the fine bone dust, from the button mould factory, leads us to believe this kind of manure is as *useful* in New as in Old England.

CULTURE OF TEA IN THE UNITED STATES.

An attempt is about to be made on an extensive scale to raise, or to grow, tea in this country. For this purpose an importation of tea plants arrived a few days since in this city.—There are about five hundred in number, and they are generally from one to two feet in height. The gentleman who is engaged in this enterprise is Mr. Junius Smith, a native of the State of Connecticut, but a resident for many years in London, where he has largely engaged in trade and commerce. He was also one of the early and efficient advocates of the practicability of navigating the ocean by steam, and did much in England towards forwarding that enterprise.

Having turned his attention to the subject of raising and curing tea, and the nature of climate and soil adapted to that plant, he thinks there is no reason why it should not be produced in this country, not only for home consumption, but exportation. Mr. Smith left here three or four months ago, and went to London to increase his information on the subject, and had all the facilities granted him for that purpose which London could afford. And, having completed his store of knowledge on the subject, he has now returned here with five hundred tea plants to attempt to carry out his enterprise. For this purpose he will in a few days or weeks go South, perhaps to some parts of Georgia or Alabama, having ascertained that the soil and climate in that section of the country are precisely what that plant requires. He thinks there is no reason why tea should not become a great staple growth of our country—says it may be raised for six cents a pound. He will keep the plants he now has for seed plants three or four years, in order to spread the cultivation rapidly, and after that keep them for the crop.—*National Intelligencer.*

HOW TO KEEP A HORSE FROM STRAYING.—The Icelanders have a most curious custom, and the most effectual one, of preventing horses from straying, which is peculiar to that country. Two gentlemen, for instance are riding together without attendants, and wishing to alight for the purpose of visiting some objects at a distance from the road, they tie the head of one horse to the tail of the other, and the head of this to the tail of the former. In this state it is utterly impossible that they can move on, either backwards or forwards, one pulling one way and the other another; and, therefore, if disposed to move at all, it will be only in a circle, and even then there must be an agreement to turn their heads the same way.

APPLE ORCHARDS.

We are glad to notice at length, that we are getting a right class of men hold of apple orchards. The subject is becoming reduced to a science, and a man who does not make his trees grow rapidly and produce abundantly, may possibly pass for a worthy, honest man, if not otherwise disqualified for the title, but he must be put down as a great ignoramus, and a most negligent, slovenly manager, so far at least, as the subject of fruit is concerned.

People who pay attention to their fruit trees are sure to make them bear. We have a glorious fruit soil and climate, the best on the face of the globe, and ought to produce in it such quantities, that every household should be profusely supplied with the choicest varieties throughout the year. The best may be as easily raised as the worst, as the trees of such are not frequently the greatest bearers.

Shrewd men, who raise fruit for sale, now generally select one, two, or at most three or four kinds, which are of standard demand in the market, good yielders, and proved to grow in perfection where cultivated, and confine themselves entirely to these. They see that they are properly laid out, properly manured, the land properly cultivated among them, properly trimmed, and properly managed in every particular, and they are sure to find an abundant supply of choice fruit on their trees in the autumn.

A gentleman within our knowledge, has a small orchard on the Hudson River, of less than seven acres, which produces from $500 to $750 worth of apples annually. This is not one year of plenty and another or two of famine, but is a steady, regular average yield. This man does not have, what we hear often called by haphazard farmers, *bearing years*, or rather he has no other. And all this secured by the simplest process, via: *good management.* He scrapes the trunks of his trees every year, and immediately and before the insects and their larvæ can find a hiding place when thus exposed, he gives them a thorough drenching of wood ashes and hot water, as thick as can be made to run freely from a whitewash brush. This practice, with lime occasionally added about the roots at the trunk, with the management we have before indicated, gives the satisfactory results we have mentioned. After carefully hand-picking his apples, he heads them up in barrels, with a few auger holes in each end, which are thrown upon their bilge, or sides, and allowed to remain exposed to the weather under the trees, till there is danger of freezing, when they are housed if not previously sold.—*American Agriculturist.*

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES.—As an important scientific fact, it may be mentioned, that the researches of M. Meneville on the fly, which has lately been destructive to the olive in the South of France, and the best means of stopping its ravages, have so far been successful as to make an average annual difference of £240,000 in the value of the quantity of oil produced. Surely this will be a stimulus to Entomological studies, a branch of natural history so important from its connexion with agriculture.

ASHES.—Ashes, derived from the burning of the trimmings of the apple and other fruit trees, should be applied about the roots of growing fruit trees, as they restore to the soil the same inorganic salts which a previous growth had drawn from it.

Wit and Humor.

HOW TO GET A BERTH.

A short time since, a couple of friends of ours—one belonging to Jersey City, whom we shall call "Joe," and the other to Salem, Massachusetts, whom we will designate by the name of "Ned"—after spending a few days in this city, took their departure in the steamer Vanderbilt, for Boston. On going on board the steamboat, Ned discovered that Joe had not secured his berth for the night, and that they were all taken—consequently, his friend would be obliged to lie upon a settee. Joe was a great stutterer, and likewise fond of playing practical jokes.

"Well," said Ned, "what are you going to do? You say you are determined to have a berth—how do you intend to get it?"

"Wa-wa-wait and s-s-see, Ned. Wh-wh-what number is your b-b-b-berth?"

"One hundred and twenty-nine," said Ned.

"V-v-very w-w-well," replied Joe; "I-I-I will have one hundred and t-t-t-twenty-eight."

Accordingly, Joe got the berth book, and discovered that a Mr. William Caball had secured it. "Th-th-that's my b-b-b-berth, any how, Ned," exclaimed our stuttering friend.

Shortly after supper, Ned told Joe he was going to bed; and Joe prepared to accompany him, and actually turned into berth one hundred and twenty-eight.

Ned lay awake, expecting something of a row, and it was not long before his expectations were realized; for Mr. William Caball soon came along, and demanded of Joe what right he had in his berth.

"You be b-b-blamed," he replied; "I-I-I'm in my own b-b-b-berth."

"No, you are not," replied Caball; "for I secured this berth myself, this forenoon."

"Don't c-c-care if you d-d-did," said Joe; "it's m-m-my b-b-berth, any how."

"Well, I will see the clerk of the boat and find out whether I am to be cheated out of my berth in this manner," replied Caball.

It was but a short time before Caball returned with the clerk, who demanded by what right he had taken one hundred and twenty-eight.

"Be-be-because it's m-m-my b-b-b-berth," replied Joe.

"Ah!" said the clerk; "pray, what may be your name?"

"W-W-William Ca-Ca-Caball!" replied Joe.

"Why, curse the fellow," replied Caball, as he gave up in despair, "he's not satisfied with stealing my berth, but he must also steal my name!"

THE USED UP POLITICIAN.

Peter Brush was in a dilapidated condition—out at the elbows, out at the knees, out of pocket and out of spirits, and out in the streets, and "out and outer" in every respect. He sat on the curb-stone, leaning his head upon his hands, his elbow being placed upon a stepping stone. Mr. Brush had for some time been silent, absorbed in deep thought, which he relieved at intervals by spitting through his teeth, forlornly, into the gutter.—At length, heaving a deep sigh he spoke:

"They used to tell me, 'put not your trust in princes,' and I havn't. None of 'em ever wanted to borrow money of me, and I never see any of them to borrow nothing of them—Princes! pooh! put not your trust in politicianers! Them's my sentiments. There's no two mediums about that. Havn't I been serving my country like a patriot for this five years—going to meeting; huzzaing my daylights out, and getting blue as blazes; havn't I broken windows, got licked fifteen times, carried I don't know how many black eyes and broken noses for the good of the commonwealth, and the purity of legal rights, and for what? Why for 'nix.

"If any good has come out of it, the country has put the whole in her pocket, and swindled me out of my earnings. I can get no office. Republics are ungrateful. I don't want any reward for my services! I only want to be took care of, and have nothing to do. Being taken good care of was the main thing. Republics is ungrateful, I'm swegged if they ain't! I love my country, and I wanted an office, I didn't care what, so it was fat and easy. I wanted to take care of my country, and I wanted my country to take care of me. Head work is the trade I'm for, talking, that's my line. Talking in the oyster cellar, in the bar room, anywhere. I can talk all day, only stopping for meals, and whet my whistle. But parties is all alike. I've been on all sides, tried 'em, and I know none of them gave me anything, and I've a great mind to knock off, and call it half a day."—*J. C. Neal.*

"SO IS A HEN."—An eccentric character about town habitually uses this phrase whenever he hears or reads anything that bears too hard upon his credulity. The other day, while reading the news of the day, he suddenly threw down the paper and exclaimed with great stress and emphasis:—"So is a HEN!" A bystander inquired of him what he meant by the expression.

"Why," said he, "that paper says that Turkey is making rapid strides toward civilization, and all I have to say is—so is a HEN!"

NOBILITY.—A gentleman expatiated on the justice and propriety of an hereditary nobility. "It is not right," said he, "in order to hand down to posterity the virtues of those who have been eminent for their services to the country, that their posterity should enjoy the honors conferred on them as a reward for such services?" "By the same rule," said a lady, "if a man is hanged for his misdeeds, all his posterity should be hanged too!"

The Marriage Tie.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG HUSBANDS.

FROM THE EPISCOPAL REGISTER.

Walking, the other day, with a valuable friend who had been confined a week or two by sickness to his room, he remarked that a husband might learn a good lesson by being occasionally confined to his house, by having in this way an opportunity of witnessing the cares and never-ending toils of his wife, whose burden and duties, and patient endurance he might never have understood. There is a great deal in this thought, perhaps enough for an "editorial." Men, especially young men, are called by their business during the day mostly away from home, returning only at the hours of meals, and as they then see nearly the same routine of duty, begin to think it is their own lot to perform all the drudgery, and to be exercised with the weight of care and responsibility. But such a man has got a very wrong view of the case; he needs opportunity for more extended observation, and it is perhaps for this very reason that a kind Providence arrests him by sickness, that he may learn in pain, what he would fail to observe in health.

We have seen recently a good many things said in the papers to wives, especially to young wives, exposing their faults, perhaps magnifying them, and expounding to them, in none of the kindest terms, their duties and the offices pertaining to a woman's sphere. Now, we believe that wives, as a whole, are really better than they are admitted to be. We doubt if there can be found a great number of wives who are disagreeable and negligent, without some palpable coldness or short-coming on the part of their husbands. So far as we have had an opportunity for observation, they are far more devoted and faithful than those who style themselves their lords, and who, by the customs of society, have other and generally more pleasant and varied duties to perform. We protest then against these lectures so often and so obtrusively addressed to the ladies, and insist upon it that they must—most of them—have been written by some fusty bachelor who knows no better, or by some inconsiderate husbands who deserve to have been old bachelors to the end of their lives.

But is there nothing to be said on the other side? Are husbands so generally the perfect, amiable, injured beings they are so often represented. Men sometimes declare that their wives' extravagance have picked their pockets—that their never ceasing tongues have robbed them of their peace, and their general disagreeableness has driven them to the tavern and gaming table, but this is generally the wicked excuse for a most wicked life on their own part. The fact is, men often lose their interest in their homes by their own neglect to make their homes interesting and pleasant. It should never be forgotten that the wife has her rights—as sacred after marriage as before—and a good husband's devotion to the wife after marriage will concede to her quite as much attention as he gallantly did while a lover.—If it is otherwise, he is most generally at fault.

Take a few examples. Before marriage a young man would feel some delicacy about accepting an invitation to spend an evening in company where his lady-love had not been invited. After marriage is he always as particular? During the days of courtship his gallantry would demand that he should make himself agreeable to her; after marriage it often happens that he thinks more of being agreeable to himself. How often it happens that married men, after having been away from home the livelong day, during which the wife has toiled at her duties, go at evening to some place of amusement, and leave her to toil on alone, uncheered and unhappy. How often it happens that her kindest offices pass unobserved, and unrewarded even by a smile, and her best efforts are condemned by the fault-finding husband.

How often it happens, even when the evening is spent at home, that it is employed in silent reading, or some other way that does not recognize the wife's right to share in the enjoyment even of the fireside.

Look, ye husbands, a moment, and remember what your wife was when you took her, not from compulsion, but from your own choice; a choice, based, probably, on what you considered her superiority to all others. She was young—perhaps the idol of a happy home; she was gay and blithe as the lark, and the brothers and sisters at her father's fire-side cherished her as an object of endearment. Yet she left all to join her destiny with yours; to make your home happy, and to do all that woman's love could prompt and woman's ingenuity devise, to meet your wishes, and to lighten the burdens which might press upon you in your pilgrimage. She, of course, had her expectations too. She could not entertain feelings which promised so much without forming some idea of reciprocation on your part, and she did expect you would, after marriage, perform those kind offices of which you were so lavish during your betrothment.

She became your wife! left her own home for yours—burst asunder, as it were, the bands of love which had bound her to the father's fireside, and sought no other home than your affections; left, it may be, the ease and delicacy of a home of indulgence—and now, what must be her feelings, if she gradually awakes to the consciousness that you love her less than before; that your evenings are spent abroad; that you only come home at all to satisfy the demands of your hunger, and to find a resting place for your head when weary, or a nurse for your sick chamber when diseased?

Why did she leave the bright hearth of her youthful days? Why did you ask her to give up the enjoyment of a happy home? Was it simply to darn your stockings, mend your clothes, take care of your children, and watch over your sick bed? Was it simply to conduce to your own comfort? Or was there some understanding that she was to be made happy in her connexion with the man she dared to love?

Nor is it a sufficient answer that you reply that you give her a home; that you feed and clothe her. You do this for your health; you would do it for an indifferent housekeeper. She is your wife, and unless you attend to her wants, and in some way answer the reasonable expectation you raised by your attention before marriage, you need not wonder if she be dejected, and her heart sink into insensibility; but if this be so, think well who is the cause of it. We repeat it, very few women make indifferent wives, whose feelings have not met some outward shock, by the indifference and thoughtlessness of their husbands. It is our candid opinion, that in a large majority of the instances of domestic misery, the man is the aggressor.

Varieties.

GREAT MEN.

One of the chief characteristics of a truly great man is, his refusal to be entirely moulded into the form of the society in which he lives, and his striking out bold and original paths of his own. He stamps his own mind on the age in which he lives. He often fights with and controls circumstances; rises in spite of the dead weight pressing him down. Indeed it would seem that when the Almighty intrusted great faculties to any man, he placed him in adverse circumstances, in order that the majesty and might of those powers might be better exhibited by their fierce struggles with outward foes. A great man, it is true, must express, to a certain extent, the spirit of the age, but he guides even when he obeys it. Genius sets up the standard of revolt against old opinions, and thousands who before were vacillating, then flock to it. Great minds perceive with clearness those ideas of progress which small minds perceive indistinctly.—Hence the enthusiasm so common to many great men. They feel so perfectly assured of the truth of their opinions, that they go right onward in their course, sustained by an unwavering faith and with none of those doubts and fears common to indistinct perception. Your truly great man, too, is energetic; he uses his own will, and is not to be shaken from his purpose.

SIBERIAN PEASANTS.—Nothing can be more simple than the manner in which the ordinary peasant lives; in the morning he takes his soup or milk, with a large slice of bread; sour cabbage soup, with meat in it, or fish soup with bread, serves him for dinner; his supper is a repetition of the dinner; and thus he subsists for the day. The richer peasants, however, enjoy various luxuries, as tea, both in the morning and evening, and a piece of roast meat in addition to their soup at dinner. If a traveller can be content with such fare, he may make his way through Siberia, *forma pauperis*, without money.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 32 letters.
My 6, 18, 3, 6, is a County in Pennsylvania.
My 8, 11, 13, 18, 9, 12, 19, is a County in South Carolina.
My 5, 11, 22, 12, 6, is a County in Ohio.
My 5, 11, 18, 18, 17, 14, is a County in New Jersey.
My 7, 13, 8, 8, 3, 16, 11, 12, is a County in New York.
My 8, 9, 5, 3, 7, is a County in Virginia.
My 18, 1, 5, 11, 12, is a County in North Carolina.
My 14, 6, 5, 2, 11, 16, 17, 12, is a County in Connecticut.
My 7, 11, 12, 21, 11, 18, 4, 19, 11, is a County in Florida.
My 9, 11, 18, 8, 10, is a County in Georgia.
My 8, 4, 13, 20, 19, 11, is a County in Iowa.
My 15, 3, 12, is a County in Indiana.
My 15, 4, 14, 3, 11, is a County in Michigan.
My whole is a popular College in Ohio. L. L.

CHARADE.

My first is a toy; my second is less than a name; my whole is nothing at all.

RIDDLE.

I'm cattle, capital and stores;
A race, a family, and flowers;
I've yawning jaws for certain prey,
Whose legs oft stick across the way;
I bear the pride of Briton's glory;
Navies and gold I place before ye;
A palpitating heart for news
Have I, which many a dabbler rues.
Low at my feet the savage falls;
I risk myself when danger calls;
Then up I spring anon, and there
Grant the fond wish of many a prayer
Of those who, watching at my shrine,
Find gains within no power but mine.
I'm British, foreign, public, private;
My meaning now you'll soon arrive at.

PROBLEM.

There is a meadow somewhere, in the form of a triangle, whose three sides are all equal. In the meadow is a spring direct to 10 perches from one of the sides, 20 perches from the other, and 30 perches from the third side. I wish some mathematician would furnish a solution, by telling us from these data the area of the said meadow. D. DIFFENBACH.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a counterfeit note like a bar of iron?
Ans.—It is forged.

☞ What is that which, though invisible, is always in sight?
Ans.—The letter I.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MATHEMATICAL ENIGMA.
Truths of this science are unchangeable.

RIDDLE—The article An.

CHARADE—In-do-lent.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.

Mr. Editor,—"Augustus's" rectangular field in his question of last week measures in length 90 perches, in breadth 25 perches, and contains in area 4 acres and 110 perches. DELTA.

Mr. Editor,—I think I have found the solution to the tree question by H. Coble in the Post of Nov. 4th. The therein requested distance between the apple tree and the elm is a little better than 76.556,795 perches. D. DIFFENBACH.

Advertisements.

STOVES, STOVES.—The subscriber offers for sale a large and complete assortment of STOVES for Cooking or Heating. Among the Cook Stoves will be found the Genuine Kisterbock Stove, (for sale at no other store in the city,) which has been so much approved of by housekeepers for its great utility. Also, a great variety of other Cook Stoves for wood or coal. Stoves for Churches, stores, parlors, &c. Warm Air Furnaces for dwellings, &c., constructed on a new plan. Old Iron Stoves taken in exchange.
JOSIAH KISTERBOCK,
sep16-3m No. 467 Market St. below 13th.

PAPER HANGINGS, No. 118 CHESNUT ST. THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING PURCHASED the stock and business of the late firm of Isaac Pugh & Co., respectfully solicit the public generally to call and examine their stock, consisting of every variety of style and description of paper and prices, both foreign and domestic.
It is useless to enumerate styles, qualities or terms. Suffice it to say we consider our papers equal to any made in this country. Call and satisfy yourselves.
HART, MONTGOMERY & Co.,
aug5-6m No. 118 Chesnut street.

GETTING OLD.—This is often said of those who are really much younger than they appear. Persons having very dark hair are apt to get grey while quite young. How often do we see a fine head of hair streaked with white. The use of JULES HAUEL'S VEGETABLE LIQUID HAIR DYE would obviate this. It is invisible, and is not affected by the action of water, heat, or perspiration, and the most intimate friend would not be aware that a dye had been used.
JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

IT CAN'T BE HELPED.—We overheard a young lady lately make the above answer to a friend, who had remarked that her face and neck were disfigured with pimples and other eruptions of the skin. In every other respect she was beautiful. We take this method of saying to her, and all others similarly affected, that JULES HAUEL'S EAU DE VINE DE VENUS or NYMPH SOAP are certain remedies for eruptions of the skin.
JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street.

IMPORTANT.—Nothing adds more to personal beauty than a luxuriant head of hair. Yet how often do we see persons neglect this glorious appendage of the "human face divine," and permit their hair, from sickness or other slight cause, to fall off or lose its vigor; when, by using JULES HAUEL'S EAU LUSTRAL HAIR RESTORATIVE, it might be restored to health and beauty.
JULES HAUEL, 120 Chesnut street. jy22-1y

LIVER COMPLAINT.—The symptoms are uneasiness and pain in the right side, and soreness upon touch immediately under the interior ribs, inability to lie upon the left side, or, if at all also a dragging sensation is produced which seriously affects respiration, causing very often a troublesome cough; together with these symptoms, we perceive a coated tongue, acidity of the stomach, deficiency of perspiration, and sometimes a sympathetic pain in the right shoulder, with great drowsiness and depression of spirits, and sometimes sores in the mouth and throat, and very frequently Jaundice and Dropsy. The symptoms, if permitted to continue, will eventually produce that most baneful disease Consumption,—in fact, a majority of such cases originate from the irritating cause before mentioned. Cathartic medicines must in every case be avoided in the treatment.
JAUNDICE is a disease of which the principal symptom is *yellowness of the skin and eyes*, with high colored urine, and clay colored fæces. It arises from various causes; anything which obstructs the bile in its course so that it is taken into the blood, produces the yellowness of surface, in ordinary cases one or two bottles will effectually remove it, and make the skin clear and healthy; at this season such medicine is invaluable, it removes the cause of all fevers, and the danger of contracting the diseases of Summer and Autumn.
THE YELLOW FEVER of warm climates is only a variety of "Jaundice" depending upon irritation of the Gastro-intestinal surfaces; by the frequent use of these Bitters that disease can always be prevented.
DYSPEPSIA. The symptoms are very various—those affecting the stomach alone are nausea, heartburn, *loss of appetite, sense of fullness or weight in the stomach, sinking or fluttering in the pit of the stomach, sour eructations, sudden flushes of heat, frightful dreams, cold feet, pains in the limbs, through the chest, &c.* The sympathetic affections are very diversified.
NERVOUS DEBILITY. It generally accompanies Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia. The symptoms are *fluttering at the heart, a choking or suffocating sensation when in a lying posture, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, constant imaginings of evil, and great depression of spirits.*
All of the above diseases can be effectually cured, as well as ASTHMA, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, FLATULENCE OR PULMONARY DISEASES arising from the Stomach or Liver, by DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.
They are free from Acids, Quinine, Aloes, Mercury, and all Alcoholic stimulant, all of which are mere palliatives in the above diseases. The success and all the advantages to be derived from the administration of internal medicine depend upon the stomach.
The functions of the stomach are of the utmost importance to every one, it constituting the source and fountain of life, which is nutrition. No organ possesses such remarkable sympathies, none such remarkable power in modifying every part of the system.
The rare success in treating diseases of the Liver, Stomach, &c., successfully, has not been a want of pathological knowledge of their functions, but the preparation of suitable Vegetable Compounds, so as to obtain not only their whole power, but as they would be most effectual and grateful, acting upon all the sympathetic affections as well as the cause or seat of the disease.
These "Bitters" *will remove all acidity, and give tone and action to the most delicate stomach, and will in every case entirely destroy costiveness, and prevent frightful dreams*—they are *Entirely Vegetable*, and their power over diseases in the *Digestive, Biliary, Vascular, Respiratory, and Nervous Systems*, is not equalled by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures in this city prove, after the most skilful physicians had failed.
All can be cured who will not those as directed, if within the power of medicine.
These "Bitters," and the Spikenard Ointment will cure any case of *Inward Piles*; it is a rare occurrence to require more than one bottle of each for the worst cases.
For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at the principal depot, GERMAN MEDICINE STORE, No. 278 RACE STREET, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States.
☞ *They will keep in any climate.* may6-1y

OLD FRANKLIN HALL.—We know of no better way of benefitting our numerous subscribers than by calling their attention to the CHEAP and mammoth stock of CLOTHING at No. 109 Chesnut street corner of Franklin Place. This very large stock consists of every style and quality, while the prices are far below those of any other store in the city. Their motto is quick sales and small profits. By this means they have outstripped all others in the quantity of Clothing they have sold, if you wish to purchase Clothing good and cheap, do not neglect calling at
ROCKHILL & WILSON'S
No. 109 Chesnut St., corner of Franklin Place.
N. B. Country merchants and strangers visiting the city will please call and examine. ap 29-1y

CHEAP AND GOOD WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVER-WARE, Wholesale and Retail, at the PHILADELPHIA WATCH and JEWELRY STORE, No. 96 North SECOND Street, corner of QUARRY, Philadelphia.

Gold Lever Watches, full jewelled, 18 carat cases,	$30 and over
Silver Lever Watches, full jewelled,	18 "
Silver Lepine Watches, jewelled,	11 "
Silver Quartier Watches,	$5 to 10
Gold Pencils,	$1 50 to $7 50
Fine Gold Rings,	37½ cents to $80

Silver Spoons, equal to coin, per set—Teas $5, Desert $10, Table $15.
Watch Glasses, best quality—plain 12½ cents, patent 18¾, lunet 25.
Other articles in proportion. All goods warranted to be what they are sold for.
Constantly on hand, a full assortment of fine Gold Jewelry and Silver-ware. Also an assortment of M. J. Tobias & Co., E. Sampson, Samuel & Brothers, E. S. Yates & Co., John Harrison, G. & R. Beesley, and other superior Patent Lever Movements which will be cased any style desired.
Arrangements have been made with all the above celebrated makers, the best manufacturers of Liverpool, to furnish at short notice any required style of Watch, for which orders will be taken and the name and residence of the person ordering put on if requested.
O. CONRAD,
jan 29-1y No. 96 North SECOND Street, Importer of Watches.